

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1918

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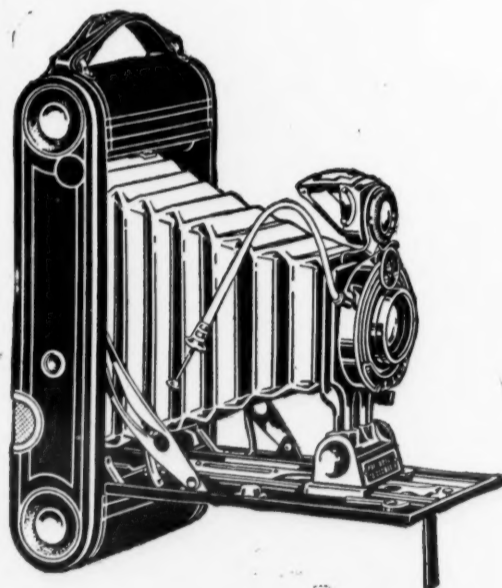
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KHAKI by Freeman Tilden. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.25.

The story of how a small town got into the war.

PLAYING THE GAME by Zebediah Flint. New York: Service Co., 681 Fifth Av., \$1.

Thrill and economy presented in attractive guise.

RAPID METHOD FOR FRENCH VERBS by Roch-Alphonse de Massabieille. San Francisco: V. Raskin.

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A SHORT HISTORY OF DISCOVERY by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Philadelphia: David McKay.

A simple and entertaining and humorous account of the industry of exploration and discovery from the earliest times to the founding of Philadelphia, illustrated with color drawings done by the author.

THE EMMA GEES by Capt. Herbert W. McBride. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50.

A hoosier machine gunner in Flanders and France. Illustrated.

SONG-FLAME by Amy Sherman Bridgman. Boston: Stratford Co., \$1.50.

Poems.

AS THOU WILT AND OTHER POEMS by Ethelwyn Dithridge. Boston: Stratford Co., \$1.

Lyrics. The title poem won the St. Louis Art League prize.

THE CLASSICAL INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY by William Chislett, Jr. Boston: Stratford Co., \$1.50.

Essays and notes covering a wide field of authors and subjects.

ANTHROPOLOGY UP-TO-DATE by George Winter Mitchell. Boston: Stratford Co., 75c.

The study of the human race treated humorously.

ERASMUS: HUMANIST AND PAINTER by Maurice W. Brockwell. Privately printed.

A study of a triptych in a private collection in St. Louis.

♦♦♦

When Will the War End?

Absolute knowledge I have none
But my aunt's washwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in the Klondike heard the news
From a gang of South American Jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who knew a man who claims to know
Of a swell society female fake
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's
sister's niece
Had stated in a printed piece
That she had a son who had a friend
Who knows when the war is going to
end.
—From the North American Review's
War Weekly.

If a Dog Could Have his Day

By Edmund J. Kiefer

- 8:00 a. m. Bath in anti-flea fluid.
- 8:15 Breakfast of porterhouse steak.
- 9:00 Discover another dog's secret burial ground and unearth twenty bones.
- 9:15 Meet vivisectionist and inflict painful wound in his thigh.
- 9:30 Play along in children's games.
- 10:00 Off to woods with master in auto, on wild-bird hunt.
- 12:00 Roast quail lunch in camp.
- 12:45 p. m. Ticked behind ears by master.
- 1:00 Nap at master's feet before log fire.
- 3:00 Race home with master's auto.
- 3:15 House on fire; rescue master's child from smoke-filled nursery on second floor.
- 3:20 Caressed by master, other members of his family and youthful spectators.
- 3:30 Attend funeral of noted vaudeville dog-trainer.
- 4:30 See dog-catcher's wagon wrecked in traffic mix-up.
- 4:45 Rout hobo out of master's yard.
- 4:50 Disperse cats reconnoitering at base of garbage pail.
- 5:00 "Rough-house" with contents of rag-bag.
- 5:15 Go to sleep on bearskin in library.
- 6:00 Dinner of cold ham, dog-biscuit, gravy-soaked bread and milk.
- 7:00 Go to sleep on parlor sofa.
- 11:30 Awake and scare prowler off side veranda.
- 11:35 Retire to back yard to serenade the moon.
- 11:45 Asleep in storm-shed; pleasant dreams of master.

—From Life.

♦♦♦

A Paris shopkeeper wrote to one of his customers as follows: "I am able to offer you cloth like the enclosed sample at nine francs the meter. In case I do not hear from you I shall conclude that you wish to pay only eight francs. In order to lose no time I accept the last-mentioned price." —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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Reggie—I've got a beastly cold in my head.

Miss Kean—Never mind, Reggie. Don't grumble. Even if it is only a cold, it's something.—Boston Transcript.

♦♦♦

The officer was lecturing the new recruits on the preventive measure for gas attacks and the necessity for the smart adjustment of helmets. "Remember," he said, "there are only two classes when the gas alarm is sounded—the quick and the dead."

♦♦♦

Tactful Truth

Mable—What do you think of my new dancing pumps?

Sue—My dear, they're immense.

REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1918

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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War and Politics

By William Marion Reedy

THE latest news from the front is that as the Germans slowly give way their resistance grows tougher and the allies and Americans find themselves, after gaining a few painful miles, confronted by troops in fine condition though the enemy in the Rheims-Soissons salient is being terribly pounded from two sides. But the German army is on retreat and holds its place on the Marne covered by terrific bombardment. There is no sign of enemy lack of men or munitions. The German official reports are perfunctorily laconic while those of the allies are more spirited because they have better things to report. The fifth drive is being more slowly but steadily pushed back and the battle is slowing down to a frightful grind. The road to Berlin looks not so easy as it did a week ago in the brilliant light of Foch's sudden counter-offensive. The war news says plainly that we must send more men. Happily we can do so now that the food situation of the allies is so much improved.

Germany wants to check the flow of men. Hence the submarine activity on our coast. It is a feeble activity and foolish, reckoning the loss inflicted. A few barges and small ships are nothing. The destroyer *San Diego* appears to have been sunk by a mine. But the submarine in the offing, even if doing little damage, postpones the sailing of transports and prevents adding to the weight of attack upon the German army. It has done us one good turn, however, by showing that someone has been furnishing our navy with depth bombs that don't bomb. Meanwhile the President has determined to do something for Russia, but how much of that something will be military we don't know. Most of it will be organization and propaganda to bring about coherence in place of chaos.

New York politics is almost as chaotic as Russia. President Wilson refuses to intervene in the Democratic row and Colonel Roosevelt wisely refuses to intervene in the Republican. Governor Whitman will be renominated. He is lined up with the prohibitionists for the constitutional amendment though personally anything but a dry. The Democrats in their convention advisory of the primary have passed a resolution against exalting treason. No name is mentioned, but the resolution means Hearst. The machine has not agreed upon a man to support in the primary. It is understood Hearst will file for the nomination if the convention does not endorse him. Possibly he can be nominated, but not probably, and certainly he can't be elected. He won't support sincerely any nominee but himself. Whitman will be elected and that will put him in line

for the next presidential nomination by his party, unless indeed, the people, regardless of party, support the Wilson administration in the person of the choice of the Democratic primary.

NEW YORK, July 24.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

No Political Use of Red Cross

EVERYBODY will approve the order of the war council that men, or women either, engaged in Red Cross work shall get out of politics. Not that Red Cross workers shall not vote, but they must not seek office and they must not display what Grover Cleveland called "pernicious activity" in the support of parties or candidates. The prestige of the great relief organization must not be used to further political ambitions. Position in the army of mercy must not be politically capitalized. All persons in official position in the organization, who may contemplate becoming candidates are notified that they must resign their position or refrain from the candidacy. This order will probably affect many persons, because there are so many in the work who are of a prominence that might well lead their friends to suggest them for political honors.

♦♦

The Soldier in Future Politics

THE ruling of the war council naturally suggests the thought that some such order might be made later concerning the men in the army. They will come back glorified. Their parties will try to use that glory. All very true, but there will be so many of them that heroes will probably be too numerous to reckon. It may be well to consider too that there isn't much glory in the old sense being distributed in this war. There will be more generals, colonels and majors and so forth than we can count. They will be so well distributed between the parties that neither party will have any superiority in supply. And they won't come out of the war like the men of the civil war armies—that is to say they won't appeal exclusively to one party or section. A Republican soldier candidate will be matched by a Democrat soldier candidate if necessary and the two glories will cancel each other, since both glories were won in the same cause. We won't be setting confederate brigadiers against G. A. R. men as once we did. And finally who would dare do anything that would keep from office any man who has fought for the flag? Some people seem to think the returned army may dominate our politics like a new pretorian guard. I don't. There's won't be the economic inducement of pensions. Soldier insurance by the government has eliminated that to a great extent. To be sure, we shall have demagogue politicians playing for the soldier vote in ways innumerable, but we cannot prevent that. The soldiers who shall return may expect favors. We can't help that. We can only hope that they won't expect too much. Many of them will have to be taken care of. The government will have to get them jobs, set them on their civil feet. Secretary of the Interior Lane wants to begin a survey of our land resources to enable the government to give them homes, or sell them homes on long time at low

rates. In Australia the government contemplates not selling land to the soldiers but leasing it for long periods. Doubtless soldiers will be given preference in government employment, which is only fair. The soldier will be a problem, and a serious one, but he would be more serious if we kept him out of political office seeking as the war council keeps men of the Red Cross from such activity.

A noted physician told me recently that the government won't be able to get the returned soldiers on the land because they won't want to go there. He has observed some of the men who have already returned, invalidated. They don't think anything but war. The experience at the front has made them a bit wild. The life doesn't fit them for work of the kind civil life has to offer. They are victims of an odd "complex" that makes them think only of adventure. They are "wild"—"savage" in the original sense of the word. When they come back in millions and in this frame of mind their reincorporation in civil life and its humdrumery will be a most difficult task. They will have to be kept in the army for some time. They may be put to work at road-making, irrigation, canalizing the rivers or something of the sort, but they cannot be turned loose *en masse* to dislocate the industrial situation. Many will be needed for police and reconstruction duty in Belgium let us say. But this doctor thinks that the returned soldier will come back estranged from his olden occupation somewhat as the hero of Rebecca West's novel, "The Return of the Soldier," had lost remembrance of his wife. I'm giving the doctor's opinion, not my own. I think the returned soldier will go to work for the very good reason that he will have to do so in order to live. He won't be a sort of semi-brigand or a homeless man like the present I. W. W. The civil war didn't affect the soldiers northern or southern as this doctor says this war will affect the soldiers of to-day. Some wrecks of character there were, some saunterers like the mendicants returned from the Crusades, but on the other hand, the nation was built up into its present power and prosperity by the men who fought the civil war. The soldier will come back, I think, a man deserving of more opportunity than he will be given, unless the country gets busier than it is in preparing to take care of him. The country won't be his oyster which he with sword will proceed to open. He will have a hard time of it. The time must not be too hard or the soldier will be dangerous. He's a revolutionary potentiality—if he hasn't a job and doesn't get the proceeds of his toil in generous measure.



"Beads"

AND this last possibility suggests that I recommend a reading of Margaret Deland's "Beads" in the July *Harper's*. She says beautifully that we are in this war like children, thinking everything will be all right when the Kaiser has been canned and it's all over. But it won't. The French are wondering what *post-bellum* influences may be loosed to wreck the work when the war is over. Some of them wonder if civilization may not lose even if the allies win. She points to the chaos of Russia. It may become world-wide. We may revert to another stretch of Dark Ages such as followed the fall of Rome. Ralph Adams Cram has much to say in the same vein in some books of his. The end of a world has come; what will the new world be? It may be a long night of horror. Mrs. Deland presents the case in such a way as to make her article almost what the French call "defeatist" propaganda. I don't think that the civilized world is going to let loose all holds on past progress because of the jolt this war has given it. But incorrigible optimism is as bad as incurable pessimism and I wish all those who think right now that "everything is lovely and the goose honks high" might read Mrs. Deland's "Beads." Also they will profit by reading Ralph Adams Cram's "The Great Thousand Years" with its fine old Holy Roman Catholic plea for feudalism's restoration. It's a good deal like the stuff Chesterton gives us in his "History

of England" and similarly it ignores the terrible, horrible side of that feudalism so graphically romanticized even by men like the late William Morris.



Is there a Secret Economic League?

WHAT I'd like to know is whether there is an economic treaty between the allies and ourselves—a league of nations. Lord Robert Cecil spoke in the commons recently about such a league of twenty-four nations—for themselves, against Germany. He included the United States. Now a league for economic purposes for the duration of the war is justifiable as a war measure. No one disputes that. But such a league after the war is a different matter. How could we be in such a league? No treaty of the kind has been submitted to or ratified by the senate, and all treaties must be so ratified to have any validity. It can't be that there exists a secret treaty such as Roland Greene Usher, at the beginning of the war, said was in effect between the United States and Great Britain, but which didn't exist. Still, the cables tell of a mission being sent to Australia, at the request of Premier Hughes, to inaugurate a league of nations along lines decided upon by the allies with the United States and Great Britain preponderating. Washington says there is no such league of nations, though there is economic co-operation for the period of the war, but no longer. There is a mistake somewhere. Maybe the allies don't understand our limitation upon the duration of the arrangement for a pooling of resources. The co-operation is a coercive measure but our professions of purpose in the war repudiate any war after the war we are going to win. If this country is committed to any policy that tells the Teutonic powers we shall shut them out of intercourse with the remainder of the world after the war, nobody knows it. Nobody, that is to say, who has spoken on the subject. Such a matter might be put over by "secret diplomacy" as too delicate for open discussion in the treaty-making body, the senate. The upper house thought for a time there was no treaty matter too delicate to discuss but the White House convinced the senate that there is. Senator Borah was squelched for taking the opposite view. Germany, of course, can't live on *Mittel Europa* alone. Not even with Russia, and Russia isn't a sure thing for Germany yet. She has to have dealings with the outer world. Her business men know this. The emphasis upon the boycott is good to use to bring Germany to consider a peace the allies will accept. But it is almost inconceivable that this country has, at this stage of the war, committed itself to a league of nations that will make Germany and her allies hermit nations after we have trounced them, as we shall. We might even now say that for every year or month she fails to accept our peace we will boycott her for, say, five years, but that is a war weapon, and it does not mean that we are going ahead and semi-secretly committing ourselves to an economic alliance while grass grows and water runs. The world doesn't want two leagues of nations, but one. That is what we want. What's the truth about statements of Lord Robert Cecil and Premier Hughes on this subject?



Wheat vs. Cotton

OLD sectionalism flares up in discussion of the President's veto of the bill fixing the price of wheat at \$2.40 per bushel. The farmer now gets 80 cents less per bushel than he can get in the open market. North Dakota wheat costs the farmer \$2.19 and Minnesota wheat \$3.01, to produce. The farmer receives \$2.05 or \$2.10. So says Senator Gore of Oklahoma. But Senator Fletcher of Florida says a man who knows told him that anything the farmer receives for wheat over \$1 is profit. Senator Gore replied sarcastically that "it might be possible to find some farmer in the south who expects office from the President, and who is willing to say that cotton is worth but 22½ cents." In other words, the south is in the saddle in the person of the President, and there has been no price-fixing of the south's chief

product. Our own pugnacious James A. Reed read figures to show that cotton prices have climbed faster than those of wheat. The latter had gone from 76 cents in 1912 to \$2 in 1917, while the former had gone from 11.52 in 1912 to 23.49 in 1917. Cotton, said Senator Gore, is now around 30 cents, but wheat costs 80 cents more to make than is paid for it. Gore says the only thing to do now is to reduce by 25 per cent from the prices of August, 1917, everything the farmer buys. The rest of the country is getting sore about "profiteering" in cotton, about southern immunity from price-fixing. Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve board, is said to favor fixing a cotton price between 22½ and 27½ cents. There is talk of a cotton corporation, government warehousing and federal purchase of surplus crops. Some southern bankers favor a stabilized cotton price, if not too low. The north resents the south's stand for low-priced wheat while holding out for high-priced cotton. But the south is solid in Wilson's support. It is his means of controlling legislation. The west is with the north in this matter, rather than with the south as is usually the case. The south got the cottonments in plenty. It has profited much by the war in ways the west has not. The outbreak of sectional and, to an extent, class feeling in the senate last week was not a surprise. The feeling has been long smoldering. Senator Gronna of North Dakota indorsed the acrid utterances of Senator Gore. They think the President has been deceived. For once I believe Senator Hardwick of Georgia is with the President, who, it is said, doesn't want Hardwick sent back to the senate from Georgia. It is my guess that the President will finally come around to doing something in the way of price-fixing on cotton. He's great on waiting for the psychological moment in such matters. He is as strong on psychology as any denizen of Greenwich Village, though he isn't much on Freud and Jung.



Gotham Hit by War

EIGHT BILLIONS from taxation for next year, and as much more to be raised on liberty bonds. No wonder there's little doing in New York's Lobsteria these nights, nor in the resorts out on the Westchester roads. Very little champagne popping. Sure not. Club sandwiches at ninety cents for a mere book-mark. Three drinks, a highball, a cocktail, a "g-g"—gin and ginger-beer—cost \$1.25. An ordinary luncheon for three people \$8.88. Dull times, too, down Houston street way. But the mendicant kids are more numerous than ever. Really the war seems to have hit New York on the pocket nerve. Worst of all, here are the two great parties confronted by the prohibition issue. Republicans want to leave it to a referendum. The Democrats want to "duck" the "dry wave" and at the same time hold the wet vote and the opposition. The liquor interest is in a funk. I can't sympathize with it. The booze bosses here never coughed up to help the hard-pressed brewers in the west in days past. "Fight your own battles" they said, "prohibition will never hit us, and if the west does go dry it can come to little old New York and light up." Now prohibition is knocking at New York's back door. Booze is looking around to do something, but can't see what or where or how. Racing sport is threatened with suppression, at least for the period of the war. Kentucky's racing associations won't ask for any more permit from the state board until the war is over. They enact this self-denying ordinance because they fear if they continue racing the people will rise up and stop it for good. Baseball goes on the blink because Secretary Baker rules that baseball playing is not an essential occupation and many of the players must work or fight. In moviedom a lot of husky guys called actors are likely to be made to get other jobs or go to the trenches. The young spenders are gone from the down town resorts. Stage girls are in no danger of gout. With all the girls in this girl-mad burg nobody has any show but the man in khaki or the man in white duck, and while those men can "buy" they can't drink, and so the buying

isn't so frequent or generous. I have never seen New York so staid—not even in summer time. No wonder the cafe musicians in their efforts at emotional flagellation caper around in imitations of the cake-walk among the guest dancers. The tea hour at the Waldorf-Astoria is quakerish and the Plaza and the Biltmore are not furiously festive places. I should say the war has hit New York in various ways. It has 150,000 boys in the national forces, and it awaits like the rest of the country the casualty lists that are slow in forthcoming from the recent successful counter-drive in France. It's glorious, but what has it cost? The question is in the air. The answer—may it be not too ghastly.



The Roosevelts

How everybody's heart goes out to Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt in sympathy over the death of their son Quentin! The outburst of affectionate expression has been finely spontaneous. And the way the Colonel takes the blow only intensifies the popular admiration for him. Nothing is in it of theatricality. The parents bow to inexorable fate in a gracious simplicity of proud sorrow or sorrowful pride. (How splendid by the way is the manner in which Mrs. Roosevelt has always kept in the background. Publicity has not ever tawdrily bedizened her with tags of society-column eulogy.) The Colonel stands out, in the affliction that has befallen him, with a finer glory than ever. He's an American—a man. How cheap and mean the aspersions upon him for criticizing the conduct of the war! Well it became General Pershing to send him a special cable about Quentin, and the President to wire his condolences. The Colonel would be the last man to say his boy, as such, deserves any more honor than another for doing his duty. Quentin lived and died his father's creed of sacrificing service. He died fighting with seven enemy planes, fell in the enemy lines—as we all knew a Roosevelt would. And two other sons are among the wounded. What argument such lives and such a death lend to the creed of the true American! The boys justify their father's gospel and career before all the world. And we think of gallant, modest Quentin as typical of all Americans, as the flower and fruit of the patriotism a lax generation first awoke to at his father's call, before war had come and death begun its revel. He stands for all the fallen upon whom no public glory falls. And the Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt seem to gather and give off our pity to fathers and mothers all unknown who have made the same sacrifice. They take the blow standing. They say it is well their dear one dies that liberty may live, that force and fraud may be destroyed in world-affairs. Colonel Roosevelt has been given much by the people in a score of years, but now they give him their tears, their heart of heart; they are drawn into oneness making these parents' grief and pride their own. In these gloom-glory hours the Roosevelts serve their country and their kind in high fashion. And when they prayed, thousands who never prayed before said "Amen" to their resignation to the Divine Will. Again the Roosevelts bound their people in oneness of spirit about the altar where bled their ewe-lamb. And Quentin rests in Germany by his people's orders, lives in death "possessed of fame that never shall grow old."



Barges and Cargoes

It seems to me that Uncle Sam is going to be an injun giver in the matter of establishing barge lines on the Mississippi. Mr. Sanders, federal manager of waterways, says we are to have barges only when and to the extent the shippers provide cargoes. That isn't the right idea. We wouldn't need government help if there were cargoes. We want the government to build the barges to carry the cargoes, and then to divert freight from the railroads to make up the cargoes. The railroads have more freight offered than they can carry. The barges are to relieve the railroads, that would rather not be relieved, for they

know that if freight gets to going by river they never will get the traffic back again. This barge building programme is not a strictly business proposition. The \$8,000,000 Mr. Sanders has to expend upon it is not expected to yield dividends at once. Uncle Sam should help the shippers. He shouldn't put on them the burden of guaranteeing cargoes. The river is to be part of the railroad system, and it is to be used for freight diversion as railroad branches are used. The government tells the shippers how they shall ship by rail on the roads the government provides. It should provide river transportation and then order the freight shipped by the river route. There'll be no barge lines if the building of them has to wait until the business grows big enough to justify them. That's no way to facilitate war transportation, to take the present continuous peak load off the railroads. The barge lines are for freight expedition. As war expenditures go these days, \$8,000,000 is only chicken feed, and the federal manager's interpretation of the government's decision is an example chiefly of cheese-paring niggardliness. The government can order freight shipped any way it wishes. It should order midwestern freight shipped by river and provide the shipping facilities for such action. Shippers know river transportation is cheaper, but even to save freight rates they haven't used such slight facilities as the Mississippi affords. He might as well ask the shippers to build the barges as to guarantee the freight for them before they are built. The prime purpose of the barge line is to help the government in the war. It won't be helped if the barges have to wait until the freight for them is on the docks. Decidedly I should say that Mr. Sanders, federal waterways manager, is playing the game of the railroads, preventing river transportation from getting a good start under government auspices. St. Louis and the Mississippi valley, if Mr. Sanders' plan prevails, are to get nothing in the way of freight from the appropriation for barges. The government will get no bettered service. The railroads will keep their cinch on freight traffic they can't handle. They are reckoning that they will some day come out of government control and when they do they won't be forced to confront the competition of barge lines established with government money. And here I was thinking from what Clark MacAdams wrote in the *Post-Dispatch* that the railroad grip on the river had been broken once and for all. I heartily concur in the sharp criticism of Mr. Sanders' proposal that I find in an editorial in *The Star*. And it's in order to say that everywhere I go among journalists away from home I hear testimony to the good impression *The Star* makes upon the newspaper profession. The paper is noted as "a live one" and its performances are carefully noted as giving evidence that no longer in the old town down the river things are being run exclusively to the taste of either the *Post-Dispatch* or the *Globe-Democrat*. I have to talk a great deal about the man behind the *Star*—Mr. John C. Roberts, and happily I can make none but good report of him as a wealthy man not afraid either of his own or others' wealth or of ideas however disturbing, if consistent with just social principles. I wish Mr. Roberts were sounder on economics, but there's hope for him yet, if he continues to go in the way in which his feet have recently been set. Those feet are well shod with profits of his own wholesale shoemaking and selling as a member of the International Shoe company. Here's a shoemaker who sticks to his last but gives his fellow-townsmen a tip-top, up-to-date, progressive newspaper as a sort of by-product. In New York circles in which he has moved and expressed his purposes, he is regarded as a coming, in fact almost arrived, great because large visioned newspaper publisher. The *Post-Dispatch* had better, in the old phrase, look a little out.



Poor Mail Service

EVERY New Yorker is cursing the mail service—and the postmaster-general. Local letters that used to be delivered within twelve hours may now take two days. Three days from St. Louis to New York—

or it may be four—is abominable mail time. The answer is, "It is the war." The phrase covers a multitude of sins. Local mail delivery is delayed by the abandonment of the pneumatic tubes and the reversion to trucks. Just why the tubes were abandoned has never been explained. The business men in the big cities wanted them and are still protesting their discontinuance. They may have been expensive but the celerity of service they made possible was worth the cost. The postmaster-general was stronger than the business men and had his way with congress. Mail delay is an exasperation to people accustomed to quick delivery. It is more so when people reflect that they have to pay more for the worsened service. Still, I wonder if there isn't something wrong with the New York post-office? In St. Louis the local mail delivery has not suffered so much, has not in fact suffered at all, and the mail from outside the city has been held up only by train delay. I think that the facts of administration abundantly support the declaration of local pride that St. Louis has in Colin M. Selph the best postmaster in the country. I met a postal department employe here the other evening who told me that all through the service the St. Louis office is celebrated for the perfection of its discipline and the results that flow therefrom.



Wires and Railroads

THE telegraph service might be better than it is. I suppose it has been somewhat disorganized by threats of strikes and the imminence of government control. Also there must be a tremendous loading of the wires with war business which holds up private messages. But five or six hours is too long a time for a message to take between New York and St. Louis. In the case of many messages the delay is not important but many others should be more quickly transmitted. It's up to the government to do better with the telegraph than has been done of late, if the administration wants to make a case for government ownership after the war.

I wonder if it can be possible that the long distance telephone wires are as completely occupied by government business as the operators report? Of course there must be a great deal of it but one feels somehow that the company should have been more nearly equal to the emergency than appears to be the case. All over the country there is complaint of local telephone service, but that is not remarkable. There is a shortage of operators. They are called from service by better pay in war-stimulated industries. The new girls are not quick on connections and they are not of keen hearing, so that there is much exasperation over "wrong number."

I have heard a lot of people complain that in their dealing with the railroads since the government took control they found the railroad men brusque and curt and impolite. I haven't found them that way. They seem to be remarkably courteous considering that there is a jam at almost every station due to the cutting out of trains. Railroad traffic looks bigger than ever. If vacationing has been abandoned the depots and the trains don't look like it. When you see the crowds and think of the increase in fares you wonder how it can be that the railroads report such heavy losses for the three months' period. There are not so many people traveling but they are traveling in fewer trains. The New York hotels show the decrease in travel, though not so much as one expected. When it comes to the question of freight the shippers are in confusion and despair. They don't know how their stuff is going or whether it is on its way. I met a hide and leather man from Philadelphia and asked him how was the hide and leather business and he said he was out of it. His business was now hide and seek. If he had a big and good stock the government was likely to commandeer it, and if he shipped anything he couldn't tell when it would get to its destination or by what route. The government doesn't care for any shipper's routing.

And it doesn't worry about non-delivery on time, except in the case of its own stuff.

Moreover, some shippers hear that other shippers have got next to officials and have been able to make arrangements to have their shipments given priority. There is much complaint about this. Some of it is unfounded. Many people claim a stand-in when they haven't got it. You hear men say they are not worrying about their coal supply for next winter because they have a good friend on the coal board, but a lot of that is mere bloviation, especially in New York, where it is a passion with men to say that they are next to someone who has influence. It impresses ordinary folks with a sense of the booster's importance. Doubtless there is some favoritism. There always will be as long as there is so much human nature in human beings, but the "pull" is not what it was in American life. "Fixing" is getting to be a lost art. Some of the men who have claimed they didn't have to worry about coal are showing signs of nervousness since the promulgation of the order for lightless nights in the cities in the east. They are scurrying for coal. When a hint of this lightless night order was given at the end of last week, it caused a scare. It came simultaneously with the news of the explosion on the *San Diego* near Fire Island. The explosion was said to have been caused by a torpedo. A few hours before there had been issued warnings of the presence of submarines and New Yorkers thought that the submarines might be equipped to put hydro-airplanes into action to bomb the city. The thought sent a slight chill through the jubilant thrill over the successful checking of the fifth drive and the saving of Rheims. The chill didn't last long however. Nothing does in New York, except the nuisance and extortion of the speculation in theater tickets.



Progress of Unionization

PERSONALLY I don't think that the people would like to see millionaires blowing in money that way at this time. It were better used in buying liberty bonds, or in the manner in which a steel millionaire named Joseph proposed using some of his wealth. The firemen of New York city, who have formed a union, as have the firemen in St. Louis, wanted a raise of pay. The financial authorities said the city hadn't the money to stand the raise. Mr. Joseph came forward and announced that he would lead off with a big subscription to provide the funds for the increase. I don't see that any other millionaires have followed his lead. The city will find the money to increase the firemen's pay and the policemen's too. Plutocratic New York shivers when it realizes that the firemen have been unionized. The policemen will be unionized also. It is inevitable. The unions are gathering in these forces in all the big cities, starting with the school teachers. These people will be a strengthening element in unionism, against the time that unionism shall get into politics as it is in Great Britain. The unions have not been able to organize the post-office employees as yet. Postmaster-General Burleson is against it. But he won't last forever. The postal service will be unionized. Then we shall have the anatomy of a nation-wide union political party. In Washington the workers in other departments are being unionized. They were strong enough to supply President Wilson with an argument for vetoing a bill to increase their working hours. They are poorly paid even without especially considering the rise in the cost of living. Discussion of this proposal brought out the fact that the fat pay of government employees is a myth. Men and women are working for salaries that were fixed fifty years or more ago. The pay was good then, but it is not now. I know a man in a federal job whose pay is exactly the same as that of the man who held the same place as far back as 1854. A dollar in 1854 was worth more than twice as much as a dollar to-day. The government should raise pay in the departments all around. And it should permit unionization in the post-office department. The government need not be afraid of the

unions. France was not. She broke up a general strike some years ago by calling all the men to the colors.



Upper and Nether Millstone

WHILE I am writing about labor unions I may say that one of the hardest blows struck against unionism was the revelation that the labor people at East St. Louis connived with the street railway company to pull off a strike in order to give the company a basis for a demand on the public service for an increase of passenger fares. The attorney for the unionists stated this openly. The same thing has been more or less broadly hinted at in St. Louis. The United Railways' officials are accused of bringing on a strike to get a rate raise. It is said that one of them wrote out a bogus call of the I. W. W. to have the motormen and conductors strike against the employment of women in such positions. If the unions and the big corporations are to work together against everybody else, there is a grave menace in the situation. If labor isn't to care what the corporations squeeze out of the rest of us, so long as organized labor gets its share of the swag, we unorganized "common people" are between the devil and the deep sea. This points out the weakness in ethics and economics of unionism. It is undemocratic, because it is exclusive, because it is a class movement. Good pay for labor is important, of course, but a square deal for everybody is more important. Organized labor should not be permitted to graft on all labor and it should not for its own narrow interests be the tool of the public service and other corporations. Unionism is only a war measure against organized wealth and as such justifiable. As an economic and social principle of general application it is wrong and it is "loaded" with dynamite dangerous to labor itself. We shall have to go back of labor organization to find the way to rectify the evils of the economic system and assure each worker the full proceeds of his toil without taking anything that belongs to another.



A Little Show Talk

So far as I can see there isn't a show on in New York that is worth paying the extra price for. Nothing at least that I would care to see. But the transients in New York, with time on their hands, money in their pockets and nothing on their minds, whatever they may have on their consciences, have to go somewhere and they don't care what they see so it's a show. Half the time they can't exactly remember in the morning the name of the show they saw the night before. Unless it was some show that has Bert Williams, the negro comedian, as a feature. Williams is the favorite funny man in these parts. And strange to say even actors speak well of him. Williams is evidently a colored man of tact as well as of comicality. I heard the other day that he's going into the movies. He is funnier than Charlie Chaplin, I think. But Charlie is for the kids mostly, so there's no invidiousness in the comparison.

Speaking of funny men, I see that Raymond Hitchcock of "Kitchy-Koo" is at the head of an organization to revive comic opera. He has a lot of artists interested enough to put up their money in furtherance of such a venture. I suppose they not only want new comic operas to produce, but they want to revive some of the old ones. The idea is a good one. Musical comedies are played out. They are depressingly alike. They all look machine-made. Comic opera is a higher form of art. But it is a question whether the people want comic opera. The *Globe* recently agitated for a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but while the agitation was on the news came that the attempted revival of those works in St. Louis at the Park theater had failed flatly. I don't think anything has come or will come of the *Globe's* agitation, any more than came of its crusade two years ago for grand opera in English. There may be great enthusiasm among singers and actors for comic opera, but there isn't any among the people at large. Aesthetically, of course, there are

too many of the people who should not be at large, but after all they have the say. Mr. Hitchcock told a meeting here that there was a millionaire who would finance the production of new comic operas, but he didn't give the millionaire's name.



A Glance at "Georgie" Cohan

THE other morning I picked up the paper and read of the death somewhere in New Jersey of that dear old singer of good songs William Pruette. What an unction he could put into anything baritone. In the old, old days he sang at Uhrig's cave in St. Louis and besides that he sang all over the bailiwick, for everybody, with anybody. He was a royal good fellow. Thousands of people will never forget his magnificent rendition of that human, all too human, ditty, "I Want What I Want When I Want It." But he was good and fine in any opera he appeared in. He made opera seem natural. In reading the little obituary of the dear old boy I saw that he had been long at a sanitarium where his expenses were taken care of by George M. Cohan. If the papers printed such fact concerning the demise of old actors and actresses as often as they might, the country might suspect Cohan of capitalizing his benevolence, but the fact doesn't get out more than once in a hundred times, and never from Cohan. "Georgie," as New York calls him, is the city's best beloved theatrical personage. Even his great success as a playwright doesn't make people talk ill of him. For Cohan is one of the greatest of New York's personal successes. Classically neither his plays nor his music please the critics, but they please the people. He was the greatest flag waver before the war. It wasn't mere stage business with him either. When the war came on he wrote the song "Over There," to which the armies have marched "over there." It may be mere syncopation stuff, but it gets into people's heads and hums there. It has a verve there is no resisting. I heard a marine band play it marching up Fifth avenue the other morning and its appeal recalled vividly that of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," to which the boys went away to the Spanish-American war. Cohan is a writer of songs for the people. So with his plays. They have the Yankee snap. They are the best plays of their kind since the days of Edward Harrigan. They are less locally Gothamite though more sophisticated. He is the theatrical complement of the story writers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. I suppose he might be called *bourgeois*. But whatever you call him he's the catch-as-catch-can Shakespeare of the world that thinks sentiment and talks slang and bears himself "niftily." Cohan can breeze you out of the blues as no one else can. Great is his reward in smiles and in the popularity of his songs and in simoleons. None of which anyone grudges him. For Cohan is the standby of the stranded actor at all times. He's the man who gets the thespian home from the provinces. He's good for the room rent of the busted artist on the Rialto. And every time you read of the death of an actor to whom fortune has not been kind, in these days, you can bet that Georgie has come across to make the end a little easy and start the widow or the orphans along. Cohan stands his success splendidly. He hasn't forgot when he didn't have a lot of money. He's the same kind of man he was when he was one of "The Four Cohans" and every one of the four was a first-class performer. They used to have a show all to themselves and a mighty good show it was too. Like all stage successes Cohan was practically born upon the stage. No one breaks into stage success from another profession. The exceptions to this rule are few. Ordinarily I don't care to celebrate the charitableness of conspicuous people. Too much of it is merely "publicity." Some of it is mere "restitution of stolen goods." I don't think much of "charity" because it is a poor substitute for justice. It doesn't cure the disease of poverty. It helps to prevent changing the conditions that promote poverty. But Cohan and his good works deserve some mention because he doesn't advertise them. To call attention to them now can't add in the least to a popularity he has won by

sheer genius in appealing to the good nature of his countrymen. It is simply good to know that here's a man who puts into his life the quality that he puts into his plays—goodfellowship.

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About Gotham Newspapers

A FEDERAL grand jury is still digging into the facts concerning Dr. Rumely's purchase of the *Evening Mail* with German government money. Frank Parker Stockbridge tells us in an interesting serial story of the inner workings of that newspaper that Rumely brought him into direct contact with Dr. Albert and Dernburg at the Ritz-Carlton. Those diplomats were very much interested in the *Mail*. I don't think the *Mail* ever did Germany any good. No paper could. Germany made such a rotten start on the war that any American paper that attempted to make a case for her was suspect at once. Only money could explain such action. The names of the *Mail's* star contributors were those of pronounced pro-Germans—advocates of supermanism in criticism and novels. I don't think the *Mail* will ever again do anybody any good. Since the Rumely indictment it has been the poorest paper ever. It wasn't much before. It will hardly be able to survive unless someone with a strong personality and a large bank-roll takes charge of it. Of course the *Mail* isn't as bad a paper as the *New York Telegram*. That's the poorest excuse for a newspaper in the world. It is the evening issue of the *Herald*. Which prompts the echoing of the general query among newspaper men, what's to become of the *Herald*, now that James Gordon Bennett is dead? Bennett ran the *Herald* for his own whims, to amuse himself, to get even with real or imaginary enemies. He had no politics. He didn't cater to *hoi polloi*. Yachtsmen and automobilists were the people he cared for, and he didn't count anything less than a \$5,000 machine an automobile. He never recognized the Ford of the common people. He made a point of recording the doings of the American plutocracy in Europe. It is doubtful if he ever had a general idea, any more than had James Whitcomb Riley. He left the paper to a committee to be run in accordance with his ideas. On that committee is one good man, from a journalistic point of view, Mr. Flaherty. He knows the business. His associates are two old men, Commander Kelly and J. K. Ohl. Those men can probably run a paper as Bennett ran it. That is to say, let it run wild except for attention to a few trifling Bennett fads. They will hardly get the paper back to its power and influence when Bennett sent Henry M. Stanley to Africa to find Livingstone. I am told that the *Herald* made only \$3,000 the year before last. It had a very small circulation. There was nothing about it to appeal to the masses of men outside the swell clubs, and in truth very little to appeal to those within the clubs. There was nothing popular about it. Maybe Mr. Flaherty can get the paper into touch with the multitude, if his fellow committeemen will let him, but if he does he will be doing exactly what Bennett would not do. Bennett ran a paper for Bennett and for nobody else, ran it in accordance with his twinges of headache on the morning after. He ran the sheet by cable from Europe and upon very slight information. Only the war woke him up. He loved France and he was for our helping her from the beginning. His paper had no following and he had none. The only Americans he liked were a few pals in Europe. The circulation of the paper dropped to nothing. Bennett didn't care. He had a large fortune and expenses didn't bother him. The paper won't stand much more running down. It is a great ruin of a great property. Possibly it can be built up again, but not as a mere continuance of the Bennett idea. That idea was to have no ideas. No paper can succeed on that plan. The *Herald* was a great paper when Bennett had ideas. I believe the paper is to be conducted on the Bennett policy for a term of years. If it makes any money the proceeds are to be devoted to a fund for decayed journalists or something of the sort. If not, it will be sold. The decayed journalists won't get much out of it, unless Mr. Flaherty of the bureau office is given a free

hand in getting the institution into touch and tune with the Time Spirit. That he will do this is not unlikely however, for he is very well spoken of as a man of force, among the newspaper men. He will have to go to the people, as his father did, as Pulitzer and Hearst did. Dana did this in a way too, though Dana always had the idea that a paper should strike above the intellectual average. Greeley went out for the people too. Bennett drifted away from them.

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Hearst on the Defense

THE newspaper can lead the people but it has to get them first. And it has to hold them. The Ochs family who run the *Times* don't try for the proletarian circulation, but they don't offend the proletariat. They run a paper that gives the news as innocent as possible of sensationalism. They aim to be authoritative. They don't try to pick out and play up the things that startle. The *Times* is read by the people who want to know the facts about affairs. It prints news, not "stories," not sob-stuff. The paper may seem dull if one comes to it from the shriek-plays, but the important facts are there. It is the paper that intelligent New York reads, even though at times it is like a government blue-book. Editorially it might be brighter, but brightness is not the thing aimed at. It would rather be right than bright. It doesn't convey "shock," only information. And the people depend upon its reliability. It is not so intellectual as the *Evening Post* but it is the paper to which the intellectuals of the *Evening Post* go for the facts upon which to "intellectuate." It "fills a long felt want." It caters to the desire of the people for the substance, not the froth and foam of news—and decidedly not the muck and blood and mud thereof. So the *Times* is not an exception to the rule that a paper has to care for the people, even though it doesn't care for the cheaper and more volatile part of the people. Pulitzer's *World* strikes the mean between the two and for the most part prefers the better part. Then there's Hearst with his papers. They seem to be run in simulation of a mad-house, but with method. Hearst has large circulation. The people follow him—dizzily. They don't "follow through" but they read him. And he can't afford to disregard them. Latterly the *New York Tribune* has conducted a long, strong and bitter fight upon the Hearst publications. The burden of the *Tribune's* song—that Hearst is pro-German. I confess that I don't see it. Hearst is cantankerous towards the administration, didn't favor our getting into the war, hates England, but he is not pro-German, so far as I can see. Be that as it may, the *Tribune's* fight has begun to tell on Hearst. Many little cities in the east have passed ordinances prohibiting the sale of his papers and magazines. People on street cars and trains warn other people whom they see reading Hearst publications. People complain to concerns who advertise in Hearst papers and talk of boycotting them. Hearst has been forced to reply with large posters on the boardings setting forth all he has done for the war. He issues pamphlets reproducing his paper's patriotic editorials and cartoons. He wouldn't do this if he didn't feel he had to do it to square himself with the public. Curiously enough he prints a letter from Mr. Tumulty, secretary to the President, in which that official speaks approvingly of the patriotic services of the Hearst papers. Tumulty hopes that the new *Examiner-Herald* of Chicago will continue the good work of Hearst's papers in the east. Likewise Hearst prints indorsements by Secretary of War Baker and Secretary of the Navy Daniels. One would say that these indorsements would convince anybody of Hearst's loyalty, but they don't convince the *New York Tribune*, which, as a Republican paper, seems to think that neither the President nor any of his cabinet is any too loyal. Secretary McAdoo once publicly rebuked the *Tribune* for knocking the first liberty loan. Hearst prints that in his broadside pamphlets. The *Tribune* accuses Hearst of having mutilated a presidential proclamation by leaving out certain utterances concernig the justice of the war,

but Hearst says the sentences were accidentally dropped out by the foreman in making up the paper. Hearst explained to the public that the *Tribune* is owned by the Reid and Mills estate that is all tied up with plutocrats and trusts and everything that persecutes and oppresses the common people. Colonel Roosevelt has called attention to the disloyalty of Hearst and the latter has averred that the Colonel's daily articles in the *Kansas City Star*, in criticism of the administration, are of the very essence of disloyalty. This latter doesn't look very nice at a time when the country agonizes with Colonel Roosevelt over the fate of his son Quentin. Hearst is fighting hard to prove his loyalty. The point is that he must fight, that all his power of print and all his wealth cannot avail him if he loses the confidence of his clientele. In fairness to Hearst I should say that possibly he would never have been called upon to establish his loyalty if he were not a possible Democratic candidate for governor of New York. The fight on Hearst has helped the *Tribune* I believe. It is a handsome paper, easy to read, all "features." It doesn't try to cover all the news. If Horace Greeley could see its make-up to-day he would like its typographical appearances, but he would probably think it was an omelette souffle as compared with the good old roast beef pabulum that he set forth in his great day.

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The Dial's Flitting

LITERARY New York is much interested in the removal of *The Dial* from Chicago to this city. Chicago is dejected about it—if it knows there was such a periodical as *The Dial*. For more than half a century *The Dial* was issued at Chicago. It was a dignified critical review. It was almost solemn. It had no snap to it, didn't make culture hum. The people whose books were reviewed read it. So did the people who wrote the reviews. And some others. Some time since the man who had conducted the publication for many years so dignifiedly died. The magazine lingered. Almost it died. New blood took hold. Young men like Mr. Marvin Johnson Mr. Charles Donlin, Mr. Joseph Husband, Mr. Scofield Thayer undertook to vivify the concern. They succeeded measurably but not according to the measure of the ambition. Chicago didn't rise to *The Dial*. It never had. The new blood wasn't stock-yards blood. The new young men were not a hit with the group that centers around Harriet Monroe's *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse*. They were "too wise to be wholly poets and yet too wholly poets to be implacably wise." Chicago was no field. The name of the town was not connotative of intellectuality. Chicago, as John Stapleton Cowley-Brown was wont to iterate and reiterate, gutter snipe and quean of cities. So *The Dial* young men decided to escape. They'd have gone to St. Louis but for the presence there of the *MIRROR*. They came to New York. They have come. They "have saw," as they used to say in Chicago. Will they conquer? I hope so, for they are nice young men, able fellows all, full of enthusiasm for art and letters and—life, let us hope. *The Dial* was and is yet a monthly. About October it will become a weekly, but won't change its form. The first New York number is out. I note two things about it. First it takes a fall, though not a hard and cruel one, out of Francis Hackett's book "Horizons" (B. W. Huebsch, New York). I think "Horizons" is a splendid book of criticism of novels, plays, poems, vaudeville, everything. The criticism has a tang to it. It is criticism by a person who knows life is more than letters. Mr. Hackett is clever. Even he is deep at times. Always he is humorous in the best sense of that word, and often he writes a beautiful, graceful, firm and mellifluous prose. Maybe he is a bit bitten by Graham Wallisism or Sydney Webbism or something like that, but you get a feel of a very well grounded, honest, kindly if sharp-spoken and generally sympathetic man behind the book. He may fault some good writers, but what's a critic to do if he doesn't do that? I don't think Hackett is supercilious at all. But Mr. Scofield Thayer does. Mr. Thayer, just out of or not yet emerged from Harvard

or Yale or such, wades into "Horizons," says they are "limited." Maybe so. However, I doubt if Mr. Hackett's book had been so slated, albeit cleverly, if Mr. Hackett were not identified with *The New Republic*. For *The Dial* has come on here to put *The New Republic* out of business as the organ of the intellectuals. At least that's the way the writing crowd puts it. Mr. Thayer has provided the money for the move. *The Dial* has taken an office in West Thirteenth street, away down town, in an old residence, just like the place taken by *The New Republic*. It has taken on its staff Messrs. Thorstein Veblen and Mr. John Dewey. They have been luminaries of the rival sheet. Veblen and Dewey are the prophets of socialistic efficiency. They are profound. Sometimes Mr. Veblen is abysmal. Most of the time I don't get him. Mr. Dewey is a philosopher who impresses me as being somewhat of a glorified kindergarten, if you get what I mean. He's for Gary schools and all that sort of thing. Mr. Veblen wrote an attack on Germany which some people thought was Teuton propaganda. Both men were of *The New Republic* staff. Now they are to do the economic-sociologic heavy for *The Dial*. They won't do it steadily but they'll do it whole about once a month. For the rest *The Dial* is going to be a literary and aesthetic journal without—without all the things *The Dial* management thinks are wrong with *The New Republic*. May they both "go to it." I hope the money of *The Dial's* angel, Mr. Thayer, will hold out against *The New Republic's* angel, Mr. Willard Straight. Almost I'm tempted to look up an angel for myself and get into the campaign for the intellectual conquest of Gotham. The editor of *The Dial* is to be Mr. Harold Stearns, and he was taken away from *The New Republic* for that place. I have read him. He is a clear thinker and a good writer. I don't think it's good policy to let any man in your own game get so much on your mind that he governs your thinking. You're likely to take positions not so much because of what you think as what he thinks. The proposal to "do" *The New Republic* and "do" it good, is one from which those very agreeable young men of *The Dial* would be wise to recede. I think *The New Republic* is a bit too Germanic in its programme of social salvation. There was more than a suspicion of foundation in the mistake of the people who thought Veblen's book, "The Nature of Peace," pro-German. The whole bunch is too mechanistic for my taste in philosophy, but the periodical is full of valuable suggestion well presented for any man who thinks about the world problems. If *The Dial* is to be more of the same, I'll welcome the good writing, but I'm "fed up" on Veblenism and Deweyism. It is a grief to me to see those isms breaking out in Mary Fels' weekly, *The Public*, that was erstwhile so individualistic, not atheistic, but deistic at least if not Christian. I doubt it will be good for this country to have three organs of Veblenism. I wonder why this country can't stand by a social philosophy that is American? Why take diluted Germanism in *The New Republic* (my friend Hackett is almost a Sinn Feiner, but not quite) and in *The Dial* and *The Public*, when we have an American philosopher and reformer who has put forth a social remedy which has but one defect—it will work an economic cure? I refer to Henry George. We get all our reform dope from Marx and Fourier and Proudhon, with a little Swedenborg by way of William James. Henry George is anchored to the earth, howsoever he soar. And he's the true Yankee pragmatist, for his proposals of reform are clear, distinct, easily applicable. He's a root man. I'm sorry to see so much Veblenism in Mrs. Fels' *Public* that is a Henry George paper. Anyhow, *The Dial* is in New York and it is going to get the "goat" of *The New Republic*, if there's such an animal around the place. You know those Chicago fellows. They are hustlers from the old house. They are convinced that New York is effete philosophically. They have tackled a big job though, for it is a popular belief in New York that *The New Republic* does the philosophic thinking for the administration. *The Dial* people may get in bad.

They may be accused of disloyalty. Don't they come from the town of "Big Bill" Thompson? They had better beware. Don't they know that Waller Lippmann of *The New Republic* has gone over to Europe to frame up the coming peace? Well, he just has. And Colonel E. Mandell House is left at home. You will get an idea of the peace plan Mr. Lippmann is working out if you'll read his books "A Preface to Politics," "Drift and Mastery" and "The Stakes of Diplomacy." In brief he is going to fix up the world on a basis of guild socialism. *The Dial* is up against the real thing. Still, as I have said, Mr. Thayer has the dough and his associates have brains, as he has, too, and energy and the fervor of a high ethic and aesthetic purpose. I wish them well. But the center of American economic, philosophic, critical thought remains at St. Louis and those others fellows are, so to speak, bombinating in a vacuum. The MIRROR School of Literature against the world! Now is the time to subscribe!

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Subways and People

NEW YORK opened another subway last week, known as the Lexington avenue. It connects the upper east side with down town and with Brooklyn. A worker in the upper part of the city can get to and from the heart of the metropolis for five cents. He or she saves ten cents a day in carfare, and that amounts to something in these high-price times. For a few days the line was not crowded, but after that it began to fill up, and the old marvel of transportation in New York is being repeated: the more facilities for traffic there are, the more the traffic increases. The cost of this new subway is a trifle of \$85,000,000. The city has an interest in it but not such an interest as will enable it to detach the route from the general system and run it if necessary. This potentiality of municipal ownership and operation was strongly urged long ago. It seemed that it might come to pass. Without inquiry it was thought Mayor Gaynor would favor it, but at a showdown Gaynor was found with the people hostile to the municipal ownership plan. Mayors have that way about them. There was Mayor Mitchel. He was thought to favor a bill to submit to the people a referendum on a taxation measure that would tend to separate land and building values and approximate natural taxation. But the reformers had another think coming. Mayor Mitchel wanted and got a tax commission to investigate the subject. He fell a victim to the craze for experts. The experts usually cloud common sense with statistics and usually emerge from their autogenetic fog with a scheme to construct a Taj Mahal on a rotten foundation. But, getting back to the tubes. The old phenomena of progress repeat themselves. In the territories erstwhile devoid of the subway accommodation, the land values rise at once, and with the land values, rents. The landlord skims the cream and keeps the milk too. This might not be so bad if the landlords did not persistently and viciously fight every improvement of which, when accomplished, they are the first and last beneficiaries. The Astor estate, they say, has fought every improvement for a century, docks, street car systems, subways, streets, aqueducts, everything, and when their opposition was overcome the Astors found their land values increased by millions. You'll hear people say that facilities are built for the poor. That may be the intent, but the effect is the benefiting of the rich. However, there's some hope. The transportation system of New York is forced by war conditions, wage demands, cost of materials, etc., to ask for higher fares. They may get it from commissions, because commissions tend to become controlled by the institutions they are created to regulate. The men who run the institutions are always on watch to get their friends on the commissions. The public is asleep at the switch except for brief periods of excitement over wrongs or needs. But nowadays the people have learned the use of the referendum and they may use it on the New York transportation companies' demands for increased fare. The referendum may, if we look at things hopefully, operate to secure modifications of trans-

portation franchises in consideration of increased fares. In St. Louis there has been found a way to defeat such referenda—by flat burglary. But the burglary must not be committed until a time which will preclude the possibility of duplicating signatures to the petitions that will enable their filing before a prescribed date, and the burglars must not leave a trail as broad as that of a military tank leading right into the offices of the company that doesn't want the referendum. Amateur burglars must not be employed, as was the case in St. Louis. The people may get at the transportation companies. Whether they will do so, remains to be disclosed.

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A Big Gift

A NEW YORK lawyer named Slaughter, who seldom appeared in court, an office lawyer who kept his clients out of court, has recently come into fame by dying and leaving a fortune of \$15,000,000 to Yale. Mr. Slaughter will have a nice memorial building named in his honor. Yale needs the money. All the universities need money. The necessities of equipment constantly increase, and the cost thereof likewise. A university plant has to keep abreast of the times just like a manufacturing plant. Yale is rejoicing. Perhaps other universities will get some big gifts from some of the new munitioneers or profiteers. It's better, such folk may think, to dispose of money that way, than to have the government take it in war taxes.

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Medicine and the War

RENEWED talk is heard about conscripting physicians and surgeons for the army. There are 143,000 registered doctors in the country. There are 23,000 in service. The armed forces need at least 50,000. This will leave precious few to look after the health, or sickness, of the civilian population. It is hoped that war needs will bring back into medical service some thousands of men who are not engaged in practice. There was a fear that a draft of doctors would deplete the medical schools of teachers, but the need of continuing medical education is such that the teachers will be given military commissions. This will do away with the necessity of exempting them. Doctors in plenty are an army need second only to food. The army conditions show this in a happy way. The health of our army, indeed of all the armies, is something unprecedented. There have been no epidemics and the wounded are sent back healed to the ranks in vast numbers in short time. A physician told me the other day that we couldn't have too many doctors in the forces. Specialization has reached its acme in army medical work. There is no general work. In abdominal surgery, for instance, one set of men work on liver or kidney or lung cases, another on perforations of the intestines. The human body is charted off in squares and the wounds of the respective squares are treated by surgeons who operate on that area alone. Why, a man who operates on thumb wounds doesn't touch wounds of the index finger! This is drawing it pretty fine. There is some exaggeration in it, but it is essentially true. From the exaggeration we can divine the truth as to the system. Manifestly this calls for many more men. My doctor informant says that the system isn't good for doctors. They cannot learn much about medicine at the front, because of the restriction of operative experience. To which the obvious answer is that doctors are not sent into the war for their benefit but for the benefit of the soldiers. No important medical or surgical discovery has come out of the war thus far. Dr. Crile's books show this. He thinks he has verified the mechanistic philosophy by his observations. I think he hasn't. War makes a stronger case for vitalism than for mechanism, and a stronger case for the old-fashioned, well-known human soul than for either. Dr. Townsend Porter went over to learn about "Shock at the Front." His book so titled tells all about the spectacle of battle and tells it with fine spirit, but we still have to turn to the papers of Lieutenant-Colonel Major G. Seelig, of the surgeon-general's office, if we want to learn anything about shock. The nation will get the doctors it needs

of course, but the civilian health will suffer. Thousands of doctors won't return from the war. Many will stay in the army. They should for they won't be fit for return to civil life. We shall have to make provision for a vast amount of medical education and speed it up at that. A bond issue for a couple of billions for medical colleges, hospitals, treatment of the incapacitated, treatment of the minor defectives called in service under universal training, would seem to be in order. The first thing in *post-bellum* reconstruction must be medical reconstruction. And I don't think that a commission of ten senators and ten representatives, as proposed at Washington, is the kind of reconstruction commission we want. Keep the politics out. A better plan is to let the reconstruction programme develop out of the workings of the Council of National Defence. The machinery is at hand; the information, too. No need of elaborate investigation. The facts have come out abundantly in the work thus far.

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The Talking Movie's Here

Down on Sixth avenue one morning last week I came upon something that the movie world long has sought and mourned because it found it not. A synchronization of the moving picture reel and the phonograph. Edison, some time since, thought he had it, but he hadn't. His device depended too much on the skill of the operator. In the device perfected by a man named Kellum, erstwhile a tailor, the synchronization is perfect. Motion and sound are in right succession or, to speak loosely, simultaneous. The phonograph is attached to an ordinary projecting machine by an arrangement that looks like a battery of small pumps, or pistons. This gives the continuity of the picture machine's shaft motion to the revolutions of the phonograph disc. I saw a man speak on the screen and heard his voice in perfect accord with the motions of his lips, even to the reproduction of a stutter—"D-do y-you g-g-get th-that?" I saw him strike a gong and the sound came just as it should—not simultaneous with the sight, but just enough after it to record the difference in velocity of travel between light and sound. So with a picture-phonograph of a man playing a xylophone. Louis F. Post, assistant commissioner of labor, made a three-minute talk on single tax. His son Charles Johnson Post is associated with the Kellum company. I found Post's facial and vocal manners exactly to the life, even to the click of his watch as he closed it after timing himself. The phonograph was about ten feet away from the projecting machine, and stood a little to one side in front of the screen. In a perfected view or audience, the phonograph will deliver its sounds above the picture on the screen. I don't know how the photo-phonographic device will work in the matter of presenting a drama of much physical action. There may be difficulties yet unsurmounted in getting such double records, but in plays physically quieter, like those of Maeterlinck or Ibsen, the thing will work splendidly. It should do very well in recording and in giving back the combined voice and action of performers in opera. The thing of the speaking movie is achieved. But the organs of movie magazines are busy knocking it—possibly with a view to lowering the price if they have to buy it. One movie man with a name like a strangling sneeze said, "I wouldn't gif vifty tollars for it." Very well—what does he give for a picture of President Wilson addressing a gathering? Oh, much money, yes. Then suppose he could give the public not only the President's moving features, but the sound of his actual voice. Is it worth money? I guess yes. The Kellum people have it right, fully patent-protected. They can't be busted or worn out by litigation. They are equipped to surpass the movie of to-day in the one thing the movie has lacked—the appeal of the human voice. They can almost put a soul into the film. Of course they haven't the last word of what they aimed at. They haven't succeeded in getting the sound recorded on the picture film so that the sound and the picture can be thrown on the screen and given back to spectator and auditor. The sound

has been film-recorded in some experiments. It has been thrown on the screen, but it doesn't come back in any satisfactory volume. It is very, very faint. The mechanico-chemical reason for this failure is known, but the solution of the problem of bringing out the sound is still to seek. Doubtless it will be found in time, as will practical photography of color. I am told that Secretary of the Navy Daniels is going to put the Kellum photo-phonographic machines upon the battle and other ships as part of the amusement and instruction equipment for the men of the fleet. I recall that some years ago Mr. Alexander Konta, then of St. Louis, now of New York, organized the Historical Records Association to preserve separately sound and sight records of great events, but he had not the thing that Mr. Kellum has brought into existence—the picture and the voice together. Mr. Guy Golterman of St. Louis is in New York furthering another such historical records association, but neither does he seem to have the mechanical equivalent of the Kellum synchronized phonograph and moving photograph. I consider that my private view of this talking movie is an event to be remembered. I may say too that I saw a great movie made in Italy of a cinematographization of "Fabiola," that novel of half a century ago written by Cardinal Wiseman, the best piece of literary Roman archæology in English to date—better than "Quo Vadis," better than "The Last Days of Pompeii." The story is about Sts. Pancratius, Agnes and Sebastian in the Diocletian persecution, a story the dramatic features of which are familiar to all students of hagiography, presented in pictures taken in the remains of that Rome in which the events occurred. The scenes of Roman life lack the lubricity that might be expected, which of course would be out of place in a story written by a cardinal. The Italian pictures are better than ours. There is more light in them, and it is better handled than in ours.

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Charles O'Connor Hennessy of Jersey

MEANDERING automobilically into New Jersey one day, via that impressive roadway one strikes after crossing the Dyckman street ferry—a massive and beautiful piece of engineering and architecture—I plumped into the campaign of my friend Charles O'Connor Hennessy for United States senator from the land of liquid lightning. This man Charles O'Connor Hennessy is, of course, a Democrat. He's a democrat to the ultimate—that is to say, a single taxer. He's running on the platform of that letter of Woodrow Wilson's which I printed in April, entitled, "The Dawn of a New Day." It is the new politics—the new ideal politics as distinct from *Realpolitik*. I hate to use that word. Charles Hanson Towne may stop his subscription for a German word. Didn't the editor of *McClure's* almost break up a movie audience the other evening because the orchestra played a selection from "Lohengrin?" He did—this same editor who printed, disguised as fiction, the Wilson-Untermeyer-Brandeis story about the President's second marriage. Mr. Hennessy has been a state senator of New Jersey. He was a lieutenant of Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey. Because he is a radical the conservatives are trying to dig up strong opposition to him. They have been trying to bring out Henry von Dyke of Princeton, former minister to Holland. They have talked too of Thomas A. Edison, a good man electrically but a "backward child," a case of arrested development as to economics and social politics—Edison is another Henry Ford or Arthur Burbank. Mr. Hennessy is a man of means, a good writer and speaker, but not a whirling dervish. He has a chance to win the nomination, would win sure but for the feud in the party—Wilson and anti-Wilson. Mr. Wilson turned down the Smith-Nugent machine that elected him, gave them a worse deal than he gave George Harvey by asking him not to support him for president. The machine has been against all Wilson men ever since. Therefore it's against Hennessy. But nobody really wants to run for a nomination against Hennessy. They can't compete with him in campaigning, and if they win they

are up against a race for election against a Republican in a Republican state. The Republican nominee will be either Governor Walter E. Edge or George L. Record. The former is a standpatter. Record is as progressive as Hennessy and almost as much of a single taxer—a very good man indeed, who is making a tent campaign after the manner of Tom Johnson out in Ohio. The tent goes ahead on one truck, is set up, then another truck comes along with camp chairs. Then George Record comes along and talks to an audience ingratiated by its comfortable-ness. Edge is friendly to corporations. Record is "agin 'em." So is Charles O'Connor Hennessy, who by the way is not a Sinn Feiner as to the great war. Alexander Simpson of Jersey City and F. M. McDermit have filed against him, but they are only running sort of to themselves. There's "nowt agin" Hennessy but the machine. The Wilson letter to which I have referred was an attempt to soothe the machinists, but it was "soft words" and they "butter no parsnips" for the boys. Hennessy, though, is the man who seems most likely to beat the conservative Edge; the only man who'd have a chance to beat George L. Record. Just think how fine it would be if two single taxers, Hennessy and Record, contended for the United States senatorship! Talk about a campaign of education! Hennessy is the best bet, I should say. In the present crisis the progressive Democrat who is with Wilson against the machine should win. And Hennessy would be a most interesting and attractive figure in the senate chamber.

The New Jersey fight is like Missouri's in that it's for an unexpired term and will have to be fought over again in March, 1919, when the late Senator Hughes' term would have expired. Governor Edge appointed a man named David Baird, like our Governor Gardner appointed Xenophon P. Wilfley, but Baird isn't running for the nomination. Such appointees don't run as a rule, except in Missouri. Christie Benet cannot run for the late Senator Tillman's seat. The fantastic Cole Blease may try for the nomination. The point is that governor's appointees like our Mr. Wilfley do not run as Mr. Wilfley is running. It isn't political etiquette. It is etiquette though for the governors who may make such appointments.

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Missouri from Outside

JAY L. TORREY of Missouri is the sort of senatorial candidate we don't have enough of in the old incredulous commonwealth. He's a man with a story. Think of it. Newsboy, in St. Louis, self-educated, admitted to the bar, father of the bankruptcy bill bearing his name that enabled people unlucky in business to get a new start in the world, rancher-lawyer in Wyoming, organizer of a rough rider regiment—in the Spanish-American war, failed to get into the scrap because he and his men were caught in a deadly smashup on the way to the front. A fine looking man with the same kind of salty personality that is possessed by Judge Lamm, who ran for governor and almost defeated Gardner. It is reported in the east that Torrey is likely to take the nomination away from Judge Selden P. Spencer, for whom the machine was supposed to have fixed it. He may because he's a winner if he gets out among the farmers. He has a bonanza farm near West Plains. He can talk like a blue streak. I have nothing against Judge Spencer, like him well, in fact, but he's in danger of losing to Torrey. I remember Torrey affectionately for old times' sake but I couldn't vote for him for dog-catcher. He's one of the most malignant—through invincible ignorance I suppose—opponents of the single taxers. He's a submariner, a hospital-bomber, poison and mustard gasser against the single tax. But he will appeal to lots of Missourians who don't know any more about the true gospel than he does. If he should get the nomination he will be beaten for election by Joseph Wingate Folk.

There's this to be said about Folk, by the way. The country outside of Missouri doesn't have to be

told who he is or what he's done. Nor does the Missouri exile have to apologize for him, except to an occasional rounder or person with a vested interest in rum. It pains me to hear the way people in this part of the country talk about our Senator Reed. They say that anybody will serve as antidote to Reed from Missouri. They think Reed is anti-war. He isn't. He is simply another case of old Athanasius against the world, and he won't blindly obey orders from the White House. Reed has been for the war. He's against Hoover and woman suffrage and for a high price for wheat to the farmer. The senate thinks well of him. Many senators feel and think like Reed but dare not say or do what he does. But the country thinks he's "wrong on the war" and it's hard work to set him right. The country thinks, and many people in Missouri think, that Reed is opposed to Folk. That is a great help to Folk, in my opinion, though for good companionship me for Reed before Folk. I've heard Missourians say in New York that but for Reed and the late Senator Stone Missouri might have had a cantonment, and many big war contracts. The east has not been favorably impressed by Wilfley's appeal to the President not to go to war with Germany, after relations were broken off, after the Zimmerman note was uncovered; nor does it like Wilfley's garbling of a Folk speech to show that Folk was "of those" friendly to Germany. That Folk is not popular in the east is not true. Wherever he's knocked, if you'll search out the cause, it's due to the booze interest. But booze-based unpopularity doesn't count for as much as it did lang syne. Missouri needs a senator without a booze label, a senator who isn't opposed to woman suffrage, a senator who has not the appearance of supporting either the friends of Germany or the great corporations. Folk's record, as I set it out week before last, puts him in line with the Wilson letter to New Jersey Democrats, referred to above. It is a record that chimes in with Wilson's record in New Jersey and in Washington. Folk is not a Bourbon, and Missouri has had too much Bourbonism both at home and at Washington. Missouri has had its wires crossed with the White House, more than Missourians are aware. Look at the federal reserve law vote, at the armed ship vote, at the war-declaration vote, at the vote on suffrage. Yet Missouri supports Wilson and the war—with her fingers crossed many people think. Wilfley's war-protest is a crossed-finger sort of thing too. The way to set Missouri right and get the state clean and clear away from its James boys, bourbon, *deutschthum* dubiety is to nominate and elect a Democrat like Folk to the senate. Missouri at Washington to-day would just as soon as not go back to the platforms of 1892, 1888, 1884—and even further. Its representatives are, with some exceptions, simply conformists to "regularity." They are not democratic Democrats in the sense that Folk is one.

NEW YORK, July 22.

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Poets and Poets

By Orrick Johns

III

SHERWOOD ANDERSON—what a mixture of Robin Hood and Clerk of the County Court that name implies!—is the newest and perhaps the most significant of American mystics. He is more thorough-going in the mystical strain than Untermeyer, or Sandburg, or Masters, or even Oppenheim. These men dally from time to time with reasonable and personal things. They are mystical in their moments of socially religious exaltation. Anderson is all for visions, visions of the symbol of the corn, visions of the ripening and rioting in some utopian harvest-time of the American soul. We are all to have souls and these souls are to be garnered, and out of them is to be distilled the American culture. Anderson sings rudely, raucously; his "Mid-American Chants" (John Lane Co., N. Y.) give an impression of clanging mental disorder; his images and paradoxes, his shouts and his whispers crowd

each other on the page like the men and women and children squirming off a Coney Island ferry on an August Sunday night. But the man's sincere emotion irradiates his fancies as the thick light of the boat deck floods its parti-colored mass of humanity. The light, the sea, the silence beyond—they are inexorable and kindly. At the source of Anderson's sonorous sputterings is a reassuring intellectual quiet; and as with Sandburg, one pictures a sunny youngster playing among the boulders. Anderson overdoes it too; he churns and curdles his imagination. Nature and mystics are apt to be bountiful, and American mystics sometimes tiresome. It is the fault of sheer force, too much pedaled.

Drift then among the gentle rhythms of Rabindranath Tagore. I can't write about Rabindranath. I read him; and wonder how he preserves that sleepy monochromatic eloquence, renewed and sharpened ever and anon, so as to keep your interest as he keeps your ear. His new book is "Lover's Gift and Crossing" (Macmillan). Tagore includes some adaptations from his Indian colleagues. It might not be a bad thing to give English readers more of these translations, for the amusement of comparison.

Verhaeren's "Evening Hours" (John Lane Company) has been ably translated into meters corresponding to the original, by Charles R. Murphy. The volume offers nothing not to be expected after "The Sunlit Hours" and "Afternoon." The three books form the cycle of an enduring love. They show the Belgian poet at rest after his turgid years, singing with tenderness and no little intellectual vigor, of sentimental and domestic things. They foreshadow an end not too soon come for his own soul's acceptance. Think of the great figures that will be gone, when the war allows us to pause and make up the score. In France alone there are Rodin, Debussy, DeGourmont, and Verhaeren, masters in four crafts. Meantime Swinburne returns from the illumined past with "Posthumous Poems" (John Lane Co., New York), edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. Everything about Swinburne is interesting, even the primed and scented versions of his life, but this book adds nothing to his poetical work, except fresh evidence of his remarkable virtuosity in imitation of the ancient balladists. Balladists—Swinburne could imitate anything, and to the life; himself he could not—others have done that better. What Mr. Gosse calls "a section of Swinburne's lyrical writings which has often been talked of, but will not at present escape our guardianship," might indeed be an addition to his known work. These are the verses of which Jowett, relating how he once drove Swinburne home from a dinner, said: "O, he sang all the way—Lad songs—very bad songs."

Edward Thomas, although he is said to have been inspired by Robert Frost, to whom he dedicated his "Poems" (Henry Holt, N. Y.) reminds me of Rupert Brooke, in the "Grantchester" mood. Perhaps it is only the English country, which both of them loved and celebrated poignantly, that accounts for the resemblance. But Thomas knew his country longer than Brooke, and is the richer poet for it. This is simply all that one gets from him, the country in England, inanimate, one would say, so far as the human is concerned, but alive, in these poems, with the rich embroidery of intimate facts and hoary traditions. The book teems with names and places; and like the work of that other wood-struck dreamer, Jeffries, it riots in a glorious pessimism. One can see why Edward Thomas found the war a release; he was killed at Arras, on Easter Monday of 1917. Reading his "Poems" it is as though one heard uttered, gently, sorrowfully, with exquisite caressing farewells, the death of all things spirited and young. He paints dying beauty for you, in its last simple glory, to its last momentous detail. It is not to be again. . . . Perhaps I am too much haunted by this note. It is a book of virile loveliness, the record of a peculiar devotion.

Sonnets, I suppose, in this sinful day, are a weakness—to which I hasten to confess. When nobly done what aspirants of splendid melancholy may they

be! Of a truth then, I have made a discovery. It is "A Cycle of Sonnets" by Edith Willis Linn (Jas. T. White and Co., N. Y.). Excellent verse seemed this person's "From Dream to Dream," but these sonnets are ineffably better. I would I might quote a representative dozen of them. The best of them have all that a sonnet should have: dignity, lordly rhythms, well closed periods, slyly cachéd, fine lines. They often open with the simplicity which befits the beginning of the feast a good sonnet is. Observe this insinuating picture:

*Like a gray nun, who treads on silent feet,
The dawn creeps slowly, in her hand a star;*

An unpretentious start is one of the secrets of a good sonnet. It is like a modest and decent manner in people. Anything that smacks of mouthing turns the page instantly.

Consider that this book contains some hundred and twenty-five sonnets, and that every fourth or fifth one will be well-nigh thrilling. It is something. Miss Linn falls badly at times; but when she does the solid thing, it is an affair to roll upon the larynx. Listen to this quatrain

*Across the hills, in vivid autumn trod,
Where sodden leaves and slinging snows have lain,
Barefooted April tips her urn of rain
And sudden greenness sweeps along the sod.*

About a third of this book, discreetly winnowed, would be a volume worth keeping at hand.

James Stewart Doubleday's "Songs and Sea Voices" (Washington Square Book Shop) contains at least two bully lyrics. The first one, "O White Ship," is absolutely seaworthy; the other might be "Breakers," or "A Shore Lyric." But much negligible stuff fills out the pages.

Dennis A. McCarthy's "Songs of Sunrise" (page Algonon Charles!) published by Little, Brown and Co., New York, is a good every day rhymers. He seeks no subtleties, and writes with facility and gusto. His popularity is deserved. Salomon de la Selva, official poet of Nicaragua, is beyond me. I suspect him of being that extinct bird, an ego unashamed. His "Tropical Town and Other Poems" (John Lane, N. Y.) contains some charming conceits, and again some ambitious fol-de-rol. Altogether a promising mountebank, not beyond admiring for his versatility and enjoying for his candor. "The Final Star" by Marion Couthoy Smith (Jas. T. White, N. Y.) is excellent verse by an attractive personality. There's a fine ballad about New York in it. "Western Waters" by Elizabeth Sewell Hill (The Roadside Press, Chicago) is dedicated to "William Stanley Braithwaite, Friend of Poets." He will have to befriend it.

"Great War, Ballads" by J. Brookes More (Thrash-Lick Publishing Co., Ft. Smith, Ark.) consist, in the opening section, of incidents of the war, related by an Irishman with the conventional brogue—Mr. Dooley at the front, in simple and sometimes sentimental verse. The second part contains metrical translations of several of the tales of Ovid. The verse is graceful in the traditional manner, and the translations have elicited approval from critics better qualified for such comparative work than the present reviewer. I hasten to say that Mr. More's Ovid is transformed into a modest and law-abiding citizen.

Then there are the books of rollicking rhyme by three men from the trenches. "Buddy's Blighty" (Small, Maynard Co., N. Y.) is good Kiplingesque narrative. It is by Lieut. Jack Turner, M. C., Canadian Expeditionary Force. "Ginger Mick" (John Lane) by C. J. Dennis, is intriguing Australian. There's nothing to beat Australian slang. Did you ever get hold of half a dozen Sydney *Bulletins* and spend an afternoon with them? It is an exhilarating dissipation. Read Dennis for Australian types and lingo at their raciest. "Rhymes in Olive Drab" by Sergeant John P. Roche, are an American rookie's reactions. "Songs of the Skokie" by Anne Higginson Spicer (Ralph F. Seymour, Chicago); "The Potter's Clay" by Marie Tudor (Putnam, New York) and "Melodies in Verse" by Mary B. Ehrmann (Stewart and Kidd Co., Cincinnati) all have varied charms to soothe the more or less soothable breast.

Letter
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Editor

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BUY THRIFT STAMPS

Letters From the People

Somewhere in Bone-Dry Territory.

July 15, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Let up on your fight for the rights of man. Call off the forces of the wets.

Prohibition is dead. Dead as W. J. B., dead as G. S. V. Dead as W. H. H will be. Dead, gentlemen. Dead as a door nail.

The invisible empire has arisen. The K. K. K. of the dry victory.

What am I talking about? It's beer—home-made beer. Delicious, sparkling, foaming home-made beer, made of ingredients that can be obtained everywhere. Ingredients that cannot be prohibited. Made in half the time it takes to make bread, in your own kitchen and at a cost of from 4 to 5 cents per quart.

Reedy—it is to laugh. This state is dry—frightfully dry—stupidly dry. Armed officers are stationed at all times on all roads crossing the state lines into wet states. Every auto crossing one of these lines is searched. But within the sacred boundaries beer flows like water. It is said that at least every other family brews as regularly as they bake and maybe more so. House-

wives compare the flavor of their brew as once they rivaled each other in cake making.

The golden age of temperance is here and beer making is as close within the home circle as coffee making.

Let prohibition come; "we should worry," as the gang told Noah.

I enclose what is known as the Budweiser recipe; whether it is or not is no matter. Try it and you will never go back to the machine made, not even to our old friend Bud.

I will sign as of old,

BUBU C. VINQUEUR.

Recipe for Budweiser.

Provide a five-gallon jar covered with a cheese cloth to act as a strainer. Ten cents worth of hops (or one-third of a package) in 2½ gal. of water; boil 20 min. Put ½ envelope of Knox's gelatine dissolved in cold water in the strainer.

Pour hops through strainer into jar.

Take one quart of baker's malt (or one bottle of Borchardt's Malt Extract, plain), add one gallon water and two pounds sugar. Let come to a boil and then pour through strainer into jar.

Take off strainer and add cold water to make five gallons.



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Burn one large cup of sugar and add one cup of water and put in to color.

When beer is luke warm, dissolve one cake of compressed yeast in a cup of the beer and pour in.

In eight or ten hours start skimming. Skim five or six times.

It should stand just twenty-five hours before bottling. Use patent rubber stoppers or wire corks in.

Can be used twenty-four hours after bottling, but do not put on ice for at least twenty-four hours after bottling.

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S. P. C. A.

Grundy Center, Ia., July 20, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your copy of the MIRROR dated July 19 is on hand and I beg to rejoice with you in heartily condemning that quasi-literateur who "talks shop," in the words of Alliterarius. The genus is familiar—I know the literatures of a half-dozen nations, from Dostoevsky to George Moore, from Homer to Cunning-

hame-Graham, from Flaubert to Tagore, and even yet spew epithets when I occur onto a hungry delineation of the shabby would-be artist done by one of the ilk itself. Even Henry James, he of the superb psychology, has honey over a number of his pages with the saccharine stuffs of sweetness. The maudlin drivel needs suppression on moral ground. But I would go you one better. I should like to have a year's armistice declared during which we who have roistered with sick hearts over what we had hoped to prove "warm" literature should be compelled to get down our hopelessly deserted, eternal classics and renew our divinity by less omnivorousness and more intellectual exclusiveness. Chaff has puffed up our minds in great shape. I deplore the trashy and for that reason have unrelentingly sought the products of the pens of our younger intelligentsia for some hint of what will later flower into the stuff that endures; but I believe I could sum up the worthy things in not a greater amount of space than Hubbard's



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"Essay on Silence" required. True, our literature is formful, artistic, lurid, but it has not that enduring soul to sustain it. Socialized literature is now our sad possession, draped over "New Republican" fluent idealism. I don't like it!

I believe if we could make some of our rabid young pen artists postpone their attempts for, say, a decade and in the meantime set them to an unrelated-to-literature-or-art-or-science job (not a "position") for a greater part of this time, they would become broad enough to stop talking about their "art" even while they are trying to "do it." *N'est ce pas?*

I am a year under draft age; you can thus expect that I have not passed the time when Emerson, etc., are appealing, by their moral tenor, to me. But still, I am not so idealistic that practicalities are not toothsome.

I think we had better do something to protect the language. How about a S. P. C. A. (Society for the Prevention of the Cadmean Art)?

HUGH B. SCOTT.

Prohibition in Washington.

Washington, D. C., July 17, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

"Washington in War Times" is a theme worn threadbare. It has been handled from countless angles. In a recent number of the MIRROR Margaret Downing had a very interesting article from the viewpoint of religion. However, my observations do not entirely coincide with hers. Washington has crowded churches—true—but also is a very crowded city. In fact, thousands of strangers are here, and churches, which, by the way, have not increased in number, are the only "attraction" on Sunday morning. Also, we have an Angelus, an Angelus that rings out clamorously and melodiously every noon, and that is completely ignored. If anyone pays the slightest attention to its appeal they do it in some inconspicuous place. Washington in war times, religiously—well, it is Washington in peace time.

In one respect, however, Washington is a very different city than it was a year ago. We become conscious of this very emphatic change when we view the national capital from the standpoint of "booze."

Before the war Washington had one of the best and most efficient liquor laws of any city of its size in the country. The number of saloons was limited to three hundred. The license fee was high, \$1,500 a year. The hours of opening and closing were regulated, and sanitary requirements were rigidly enforced. No saloons were allowed in residence sections or near a school or church. The penalty for drunkenness was very severe. In fact, Washington was a well-regulated city. A man, if he cared to, could take a drink quietly and without giving the slightest offense to anyone.

Then, about a year ago, Washington went dry. We were now going to have a real model city. As the fervid prohibitionists phrased it, "Just in time to

save the soldiers from temptation." With the declaration of war soldiers began to pour into Washington from every direction. There are now over 100,000 troops within a few miles of the city.

A year ago, Washington was "wet," quiet, peaceable, and, notwithstanding a very large number of negroes, a law-abiding community.

To-day, Washington is "dry," noisy, turbulent, harboring in some sections lands of desperate criminals.

There can be no denying the fact that prohibition has been the real cause of the disastrous change. From the many hidden slums of the capital runs a steady flow of "booze." Not liquor, not whiskey or gin, just plain, fiery "booze." It is sold from street corners and from alleys. It is peddled on bicycles and on foot and I have seen it sold openly from automobiles. The police force can't stop it. The military patrol can't stop it. The illicit sale of liquor has become so flagrant as to make the prohibition law a joke.

But that is not the worst feature of it. So great is the profit from "boot-legging" that the worst element in the community has taken it up. I have seen a gang of them almost kill a man because they thought he was an inspector. A detective was shot to death on a street car when he attempted to search a valise for liquor. Regular pitched battles have occurred between these walking speak-easies and police—vivid reminders of frontier days. One day last week there were seventy-five cases of drunkenness on the docket. Great record for a dry town.

I know the excuse glibly offered. That we ought to abolish it everywhere. Would that help? From what I can hear, the "moonshiners" are already beginning to work overtime in the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia.

Personally, I am a teetotaler. But if Washington is a sample of a city under prohibition, I want no more of it. I would much rather have my boy take the risk of temptation from a few, legal, well-regulated saloons, than to have him face the same temptation many times increased by the spice of adventure, and the open solicitation of the boot-legger.

B. F. LINDAS.

His wife had followed him across to be a Red Cross nurse. During a bit of German strafing he fell wounded and woke up several hours later in a field hospital. His wife was bending over him. "Ain't that just my luck, Jenny," he murmured. "With all the pretty nurses there are over here to look after the soldiers I had to draw you."

The conversation in the village hotel had turned on the war, when one of the company asked, "Which is the most warlike nation?" "Vaacci-nation," replied the doctor. "It's nearly always in arms."

A Scotch minister was asked to pray for rain, and his prayer was followed by such a downpour that the crops were injured. During the storm one old farmer said to another: "This comes o' trusting sic a request to a meenister who is acquainted wi' agriculture."

New Books

Romance, at least the romance of modern fiction, likes to be associated with the gay city life, fashionable summer resorts, beautiful evening gowns, impressive dress suits and luxurious hotels—seldom it condescends to grace the gray work-a-day. But the inaccessible mountains, the wild prairies, and the unpenetrated woods, the huge labor camps and the temporary towns that follow the path of the construction of a great railroad furnish romance even more vivid in experience and stronger in passion. "The U. P. Trail" by Zane Gray (Harper's) is such a romance. Through the fresh mountain air, and through the winds of the woods heavy with a resuscitating scent of the trees move the personnel of the story—adventurers, Indians, gold miners, Spaniards, United States troops, railroad builders. The leading characters are Larry, the simple Texas cowboy, with his magnificent loyalty to his friend; the assistant engineer Neale; Allie, the gentle, innocent maiden of a mining town, the sole survivor of an Indian massacre. They are living personalities, and their joys and sorrows touch our heartstrings. The author shows an unusual insight and understanding of the human soul, which enables him to be just even to the lowest sinner. There is a graphic picture of one of the towns that follow the railroad labor camp, Benton, where "the whole world meets," where "the men are wolves on the scent of flesh" and "the average days for a mortal are hours."

Inez Haynes Irwin has written a breezy little book which she calls "Californiacs" (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco) devoted to a certain class of people living in California. They differentiate from the bona fide Californian. The latter is one who lives in California, while "the Californiac is unable to talk about anything but California, except when he interrupts to knock every other place on the face of the earth. He looks with pity on anybody born outside California, and he believes that no one who has ever seen California willingly lives elsewhere. He himself often lives elsewhere but he never admits it, not from choice. He refers to California as 'God's country' and if you permit him to start his God's country line of talk, it is all up with intelligent conversation for the rest."

The author unstintingly praises California—its trees, its cities, its scenery, with often a great deal of technical skill as far as word pictures go. The Californiac is the one blot on the landscape but he is dealt with in such quick and lively fashion and with such subtle humor that he resolves into a joy through the fun he creates.

"Gertie Swartz, Fanatic or Christian?" (Doubleday, Page) is by Helen R. Martin who tells a good tale of the Pennsylvania Dutch, skillfully mingling social problems with dialect and characterization. The book contains clever little sketches of a passing type of pioneer woman but sociologically it adds little to literature because its problems have been

threshed out before and its conclusion is open to question.

"The Road that Led Home" by Will E. Ingersoll (Harper & Bros.) is frankly commonplace. It is the oft-repeated story of the excellent tenderfoot schoolmaster who venturing west, meets the adorable and inevitable on the prairie. It is fairly well written but it has little valid appeal.

In a "Champion of the Foothills" by Lewis Edwin Theiss, also a Doubleday-Page publication, one can give oneself to the frank charm of an unadorned narrative, full of the tang of the woods, of sport, fishing, and normal boy life. There is enough of the marvelous to

hold a boy from detective fiction for a while. Yet there is sound common sense, and good ideas as to practical farming that make for higher citizenship. It is good reading, and a book to buy.

"The Threshold" by Marjorie Benton Cooke (Doubleday Page Co., New York) is a *genre* novel dealing with quasi-social problems. Its heroine is interested in the working class (from which she herself springs), yet the book belongs to the large group of stories where automatons of blameless character and impossible action stalk through the requisite number of pages, and make one wonder that there is a public asking for such inane apologies for the real thing in romance. It is explicable only

in one way, the reader's desire to get out of himself and not to be asked to think, to feel or to reason. This class of book makes no demands on the average reader. It only taxes the patience of the critic.

There is no getting away from the fact that Orville E. Leonard's sketches of the American desert which he calls "The Land Where the Sunsets Go" (Sherman French and Co.) is reminiscent. It suggests Bret Harte; it recalls Sterling. In its more modern aspects as to verse it brings back Service. One writing of the west should bear in mind that it changes daily. It is as unstable as the New York skyline. The real cowboy ape the smart autoist. Ex-

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caricatures—and eastern incursions—have made no man "stranger." Pioneers exist in terms of exotic modishness of dress, of manners. Mr. Leonard has achieved at times a photographic verisimilitude but his vision is spoilt by greater artists who have gone before, and have made an earlier and more picturesque west live according to their peculiar word painting.

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"Gentle reader," do you not grow weary of novels with a New England atmosphere? Do you not tire of the New England old home—the quaint maiden aunt, the well-bred, wealthy people—etc.? "Sunshine Beggars" by Sidney McCall (Little, Brown, Boston) affords a refreshing contrast. An Italian family invades a New England village much to the scandalization of the old inhabitants. The latter's subtle influence for the appreciation of beauty is perhaps a little overdone—but that is the license of the story writer. The author has produced some very good types, notably the impetuous little step-daughter and the sailor and his wife.

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Sentry—Who goes there?

Recruit—Me. But I ain't goin'; I'm comin'.—*Baltimore American.*

About Knitting

That knitting woolen articles by hand-power is wasteful, because such articles use up wool needed elsewhere, lack durability, and are mostly not needed in actual service, is maintained by Samuel S. Dale in a letter to *The Chronicle* (Brookline, Mass., May 18). We have not enough wool to make our soldiers the bare necessities in the way of clothes. In England, civilians are already required to wear mixed cotton fabrics. We are facing some kind of a "rationing system" for clothing, and every loyal American should be saving wool as diligently as he is saving wheat. Under these circumstances, Mr. Dale thinks, the use of pure wool for hand-knitted garments is an obvious waste. We have already "wasted" in this way over twenty million pounds, and he cries out in agony, "For God's sake, wake up and stop this hand-knitting." In editorial comment on Mr. Dale's remarks, which are paralleled by other letters in the press throughout the textile district, *The Chronicle* admits that they deserve "serious thought." Perhaps Mr. Dale is right, says the editor, when he urges that Brookline women should drop their knitting. "But the chances are that they will continue to

knit." It may be noted in addition that the primary objection is not to knitting, but to the use of wool. The question might be asked, why not knit with cotton yarn? To quote and condense Mr. Dale's argument:

"There is no doubt whatever but that those engaged in promoting hand-knitting are actuated by the best of motives. If, however, they were better informed regarding hand-knitting, they would immediately abandon this line of work, for it means a serious waste of the country's resources at a time when it is of vital importance that our resources should be used with the highest possible degree of efficiency, in order to defend our nation and civilization itself against the assault of the ruthless military autocracy of Germany.

"The reasons why every stitch taken in the hand-knitting of wool articles of all kinds is a stitch too many are involved in the technical conditions of wool-manufacturing, although there is no reason why any intelligent person should not understand them. Briefly they are as follows:

"1. Wool clothing is as essential for successful military operations as rifles, artillery, and munitions, it being estimated that seventy pounds of scoured wool per year will be required for each man in active service, or 350,000,000 pounds for an army of 5,000,000 men.

"2. The United States produces annually about 110,000,000 pounds of scoured wool, about one-third of the wool required for the army of 5,000,000 men which leading public men believe will be needed to administer to Germany the only argument that Prussian autocracy recognizes, that of superior force. The wool to supply this deficiency must come from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Argentina. These facts make it plain that the wasting of wool means not only the loss of valuable material, but what is even more important, the impairment of our ability to transport men, munitions, and war-supplies to France to aid our hard-pressed Allies.

"3. There is no more wasteful use of wool than that involved in hand-knitting. First, because the hand-knitter uses worsted yarn made of all new wool, special and expensive wool, spun by an expensive process, instead of lower-priced mixtures of cheaper wool, cotton, and shoddy spun by a cheaper process; secondly, because the garments cannot be made uniform in size or weight by hand-knitters; thirdly, because the yarn used by hand-knitters is soft, fluffy, and lacking in durability, being suited for the cradle and not for the trenches; fourthly, because of the immeasurably greater economy of labor in power-knitting in a factory as compared with hand-knitting. Compared on the basis of stitches alone, without regard to the immeasurably superior quality and condition of the machine-made product, one knitter in the mill does in a minute the work of 7,500 hand-knitters, and furthermore does what the hand-knitter cannot do, keeps it up for ten hours a day.

"4. The facts stated above are enough to show the folly of hand-knitting, but there is still another count in the indictment. According to the testi-

mony of Maj. M. S. Boehm, of the Canadian army, nearly all of the articles knit by hand are not needed by soldiers in active service. He told us he had never seen a soldier in active service wearing a sweater and had not been able to find a soldier who had ever seen a soldier in active service wearing a sweater, that no soldier would wear a knit abdominal band, which would be a nest for vermin; that the only used in the army he had ever seen a knit wristlet put to was to draw it over a rifle to keep the dirt out of the working parts, that an old rag would serve the purpose much better, and that the English and French helmets made of cloth are far superior to the knit articles. Stockings were the only hand-knit goods, Major Boehm said, which were of any use to a soldier, and the reasons I have given for not knitting by hand apply to stockings as well as to sweaters and other articles knit by hand from wool, not only for the army, but for civilian use.

"These statements of the truth about hand-knitting can be easily verified by any one who will devote a little time and attention to the task. The inexorable logic of this truth is disclosed by recent events. The government has taken possession of all stocks of wool in the country and is in practical control of all the woolen and worsted mills. Last week at a conference in New York the representative of the government notified the worsted yarn-spinners that eighty-five per cent of their machinery would be required for government work, and that no more yarn would be supplied to the Red Cross.

"We are facing standard fabrics of cotton, shoddy, and wool mixtures for civilian wear, a policy already in force in England. We are facing a rationing system for clothing the people. The time has come when old clothes on the back of a man or woman are a badge of honor. The rich should be the first to set the example.

"Every loyal American should be eager to adopt drastic methods for saving wool, methods that were enforced from the very beginning of the war by the German government, which, according to reliable reports, had 50,000,000 complete uniforms in storage when it committed the crime of the ages by starting this war for conquest. 'For God's sake, hurry up.' Yes, and for God's sake, wake up and stop this hand-knitting by which at least 20,000,000 pounds of scoured wool has already been wasted at a time when the Huns are at our gates."

Mr. Dale's article will no doubt bring out what is to be said on the other side of the argument. The New York papers report earnest requests, especially from aviators, asking the women knitters for thousands of "jackets, mufflers, wristlets, helmets, and socks" immediately.—*From The Literary Digest.*

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A lady had been looking for a friend for a long time, without success. Finally she came upon her in an unexpected place. "Well," she exclaimed, "I've been on a perfect wild-goose chase all day long, but thank goodness I've found you at last."

Marts and Money

Thus far, the inspiring news from France had no really striking effects on business and conditions in Wall street, broadly speaking. It was offset to some extent by timid talk about additional war taxation, as well as by accentuated tightness of money rates, which were held at 6 per cent for practically all applicants for call and time funds, notwithstanding further replenishment in actual reserves. When it became known that Generalissimo Foch had forced back the German lines along a twenty-five mile front, the quotation for Steel common rose from 104 to 109 in short order, chiefly on account of precipitous covering of short contracts, entered into at prices ranging from 101½ to 103. In other important quarters the enhancement varied from two to four points. Subsequent declines eliminated 40 to 60 per cent of the recorded gains. The railroad list continued sluggish throughout, notwithstanding enlivenment of trading in a few important issues, such as Canadian Pacific, Reading and Union Pacific. The first-named stock got very close to the high notch reached in May—150. In this particular instance, accumulative tactics have been plainly evident since March 25, when 135 was touched for a moment. The minimum in 1917 was 126. Among shrewd observers, C. P. is regarded as one of the few touchstones of the general market, owing to its international character. Recurring to Steel common, I desire to say that it is now believed, on the authority, mostly, of the *Wall Street Journal*, that the existing rate of dividends (\$4.25 per quarter) will be maintained. If this notion is properly buttressed, the current quotation of 107 for the common stock appears pretty cheap, don't you think? Especially so when due thought is taken of the growing sentiment that Germany's offensive power has definitely been broken. There are speculators in Wall street who do not hesitate to predict that at the decisive conjuncture Steel common will be rated at 150 at least. They scoff at the idea, promulgated by one of the leading oracles, that the final and worst break in values may come after ratification of the peace pact. Some problem, no doubt. Much may be said on both sides. For the present it is a solid fact that desirable securities are tenaciously held, and being bought in all hours of declines, by moneyed people who feel confident that the lowest prices were set in the autumn of 1917. It is quite certain, of course, that many of these investors propose to liquidate at substantial profits shortly before or immediately after commencement of peace negotiations. As already intimated, stocks of superior virtues have so far responded very little, if at all, to auspicious developments on the battlefields. Pennsylvania Railroad still is quoted at 43¾, or but a few small fractions above the lowest of the year to date. The price of New York Central (72) compares with 75¾ on May 14. Union Pacific is rated at 122, a figure that, with inconsequential variations, has been in effect for several months. That the values of stocks of this class should advance materially at the right time admits of no serious questioning. They should do this even if

Congress finds it necessary to clap supplementary heavy burdens upon the backs of taxpayers. After we have passed through the climacteric phase of the struggle, stocks of approved merits are bound to regain much of their erstwhile popularity, federal control notwithstanding. In London and Paris, the quoted values of investment issues are gradually becoming firmer, though the net improvement has thus far been rather modest. Owners of Tobacco Products common were somewhat surprised when informed that their directorial board had declared a quarterly script dividend of \$1.50. They had looked for the usual cash payment. The script draws 7 per cent interest, is payable August 15, and redeemable in 1920. Owing to the necessity of maintaining large cash balances in these times, it is increasingly the fashion among industrial concerns to issue interest-bearing notes to their stockholders. While this practice has its advantages, it also has its drawbacks. It adds to fixed charges and gives hostages to fortune. A temporary reduction or definite suspension of payments would appear much more businesslike. A renewal of efforts to lift the quotation for Industrial Alcohol in sensational manner had no visible stimulating effect upon the general list. The stock is known to be in the hands of a very clever coterie of manipulators, which raised the quotation to 171½ on June 13, 1917, and afterwards permitted a fall to 98¾. It is reasonable to assume that the latest rise of several points was mainly at the expense of reckless sellers for short account. The stock has been popular in recent times among professionals who are in the habit of making quick turns of two or three points. In the international bond department, Paris municipal 6s recorded an advance of over four points the other day, but have since relinquished most of it as a result of renewed liquidation. In 1917 these securities could at one time be bought at 73½. The original quotation was around 98¾. Anglo-French 5s are rated at 93¾, a price implying a gain of a point for the week. The minimum last year was 81¾. At the price given, the net return is over 8½ per cent. This is still a very substantial rate, considering that the bonds are guaranteed both by the British and French governments. American Foreign Securities 5s, maturing in August, 1919, are purchasable at 97¼, indicating a net yield of 7¾ per cent. The minimum in 1917 was 90. Talk about real bargains in securities! There yet is a wonderful assortment of them not only in Wall street, but in all the markets of the world. The values of railroad bonds are steady, speaking in a general sense. It would not be exactly truthful to say that they are firm. The buying is of disappointing volume as yet, and a material broadening does not seem probable in the near future. The Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis (Panhandle) Railroad Co. has reduced its semi-annual dividend rate from \$2.50 to \$2, in compliance, so we are told, with official instruction from Washington. The company underwent a voluntary reorganization in 1917, when \$5 was disbursed to common stockholders. It is known that the margin of surplus, after dividends, had become rather slim in recent times. The com-

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pany is controlled by the Pennsylvania. Wall street terms the weekly reviews of commerce and industry "conservative," but feels deeply impressed with reports that war requirements account for fully 85 per cent of production in most of the leading lines. Bankers avow satisfaction over the announcement that the \$50,000,000 7 per cent notes of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation were disposed of among investors without recourse to the War Finance Corporation. Short-term securities of superior sort are much more sought after than those running ten or twenty years. A yield of 7½ per cent has its attractions.

Finance in St. Louis

In the last few days the principal feature of trading on the local exchange was Bank of Commerce, the bid quotation for which was up to 117.62½ at one time. The recent low point was 110. Since the dividend rate is only 6 per cent, it must be thought significant that so far the rise of over seven points should have failed to elicit important offerings. Five Mercantile Trust were sold at 346, a figure showing only slight variation from that previously in effect. Forty shares of Certain-teed first preferred brought 85.50 to 85.75. The high mark, set about four months back, was 92. Five Chicago Railway Equipment were disposed of at 101. This represents minimum for the year to date. The dividend rate is \$7 per annum. Last January the price was up to 123. The selling price for International Shoe preferred is 105; thirty shares were sold the other day. Ten of the common brought 98.50. United Railways 4s are quoted at 50.25. Trading in them is of small proportions.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	102 ½	103 ½
Nat. Bank of Commerce	119 ½	120 ½
Third National Bank	234	235
United Railways pfd.	14 ½	15 ½
United Railways 4s	50 ½	51 ½
Ely & Walker com.	103	104
Ely & Walker first pfd.	101	102
International Shoe com.	97 ½	98
International Shoe pfd.	104 ½	105 ½
Brown Shoe com.	67	68
Granite-Bimetallic	45	50
National Candy com.	40	41

Answers to Inquiries

STOCKHOLDER, Des Moines, Ia.—The present position of the Peoples Gas & Coke Co. of Chicago is not such as to support hopes of an early renewal of dividends. It would be able to draw optimistic conclusions in this respect from the friendly attitude of the War Finance Corporation towards public service properties. While assistance will be given where necessary, there's no intention of guaranteeing dividends. The company reported deficits both for 1917 and 1916. However, the price of the stock discounts a great deal in the way of adversity. At 44 the decline from the top in 1916 is nearly \$75. By sticking to your certificate you will be able to sell at a much better figure eventually. A relapse to the low point of 1917 (35) seems unlikely.

H. M., Warrensburg, Mo.—(1) The New York Central 5 per cent notes, maturing in September, 1919, are a good short-term investment. You need not be timid about putting your funds in them. At 98, the current quotation, the net yield is 6.55 per cent. (2) United States Rub-

ber 5 per cent bonds are not a strictly high-grade proposition, but attractively rated at the ruling figure of 79¾. The maximum in 1917 was 92¾. The fall of about two points under last year's minimum has no particular significance. Numerous other issues of desirable bonds are down to new low notches. Values feel the scantiness of investment capital, which is due, in part, to cautiousness among capitalistic people who draw too many unfavorable facts into consideration.

INQUIRER, St. Louis.—Don't bother buying Alaska Gold Mines stock. The intrinsic value is not above the ruling figure of 3¾. Last March the company failed to pay interest on the A and debenture bonds. The rise of two points since April was the result of manipulation and rumors regarding absorption Alaska Juneau. Under general pitious conditions in the market, price of the stock might rally to 8 or even 10, temporarily. Just a gamble, that's all. Latest developments at the mines, though somewhat favorable, have not been of a sort calculated to stimulate heavy buying of the shares. News of this kind must always be taken at a very considerable discount.

MONEY, St. Louis.—Whether or not Baldwin Locomotive common may get a dividend soon is hard to say. Five or six per cent could be paid, no doubt. Perhaps even 8 per cent. The company is doing a phenomenal business, owing to war contracts. While the margin of net profit is not what it might be, the total is of very impressive proportions. However, the stock is quoted at 91, a figure fully discounting existing hopes about a substantial dividend. American Locomotive common draws 5 per cent and is valued at 67, denoting a net rate of exactly 7½ per cent, or a trifle less than Baldwin common would yield at 91 if it paid a dividend of 7 per cent. If you have a profit grab it, and take a few days off. The market won't run away from you. Ready cash is a great asset in Wall street.

W. D. Y., Castleton, N. Y.—Don't lose patience on account of the immobility of Atchison common. The stock is doing as well as it can in prevailing circumstances. Stick to it and buy more if you can at inviting opportunities. In due time the price will move up all right. There's no danger of a serious break. Atchison common is one of the best investment stocks on the list.

LEX, Evansville, Ind.—U. S. Industrial Alcohol common is a largely speculative investment, especially at the current quotation of 129, which compares with a low mark of 98½ last year, and with one of 15 some years ago. The 1917 surplus was \$2,720,420, after 32 per cent on common stock. Whether the rate of 16 per cent can be maintained after enactment of new war tax legislation remains to be seen. Steel common pays \$17 per annum and is quoted at 107 at this moment. Alcohol still is an experimental investment, though total of common and preferred outstanding (\$18,000,000) does not appear exorbitant.

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